

# The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 566.

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## KING EDWARD AT MARIENBAD.



King Edward leaving the Hotel Weimar at Marienbad to attend divine service at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. He is wearing the new Austrian Field-Marshal's uniform, in honour of the Emperor's birthday. Major Ponsonby, in attendance, is immediately behind his Majesty.

## ROYAL DUKE HONOURS AN OLD SOLDIER.



After inspecting the 2nd Cheshire Regiment at Chester Castle, the Duke of Connaught saw an old soldier whom he recognised. Our photograph was taken as the Duke stopped and spoke to the old man, who was delighted.

## TO SWIM OR NOT TO SWIM?



The upper photograph was taken as Miss Annette Kellermann was looking to see if the waves were smooth enough for her to make an attempt to swim across the Channel. In the lower one she has just decided to make the trial. Miss Kellermann had to give up after being in the water six hours owing to seasickness.



# The Final Preparation for the Great Channel Swim—a Cup of CADBURY'S Cocoa.



Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Ltd.  
Gentlemen,

DOVER,  
5/8/05.

It may interest you to learn that during my trial swims preparatory to my attempt to swim the Channel, I have been using your Cocoa and your Chocolate. I FIND IT MORE NOURISHING AND SUSTAINING THAN ANY OTHER I have tried before. I have ordered a supply to take with me on the day of my attempt.

I remain, yours truly,  
(Signed) ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

**"Miss KELLERMANN pins her faith on  
CADBURY'S Cocoa."**

(Vide "Daily Mirror.")

The MEDICAL MAGAZINE says of Cadbury's Cocoa that—"For strength, purity, and nourishment there is nothing superior."

GUY'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE says: "From practical experience we can say that it possesses high nutritive power, and is a great restorer of muscular activity."

**CADBURY'S—Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.**



## ALLEGED MURDER PLOT BY EX-M.P.

More About the Charge  
Against Mr. Hugh Watt.

### DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Strange Allegation About a Solicitor's Fee of £2,000.

### 'TO PUT MRS. WATT AWAY.'

The marvellous case of Mr. Hugh Watt, formerly one of the M.P.s for Glasgow, was carried a stage further yesterday, when Mr. Watt was charged, on remand, with plotting to murder his former wife.

This lady, Mrs. Julia Watt, brought a divorce action against her husband, and obtained a decree nisi. Lady Violet Beauchamp was the co-respondent, and Mr. Watt afterwards went through the form of marriage with her. The divorce decree, however, has not yet been made absolute.

It will be remembered that last Friday it was stated that Mr. Watt had proposed to Mr. Herbert Marshall, a private detective, that he should induce Mrs. Watt to visit her former husband at his house in Knightsbridge.

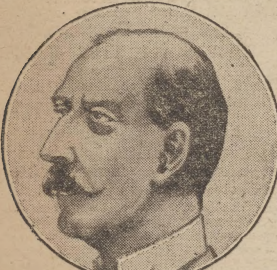
#### QUESTION OF A POSTCARD.

There, it was alleged, Mr. Watt proposed to "give her a push," and "chloroform" her. Peppermint was to be used to take off the smell, and a doctor was to be called in to certify death from heart disease. Afterwards Mr. Watt would get the body cremated within forty-eight hours.

Such was the strange allegation on which Mr. Watt was remanded on £200 bail.

Yesterday, in a crowded court, the charges were further investigated before Mr. Kennedy.

Mr. Marshall was recalled, and, answering Mr. Sims, said he received instructions from Mr. Watt on August 11. Those instructions provided that



MR. HUGH WATT.

witness was to have a bonus of £1,000 on the decree nisi being made absolute, and all disputes between Mrs. Watt and himself being cleared up.

The next morning witness met Mr. Watt again, and the latter spoke of the unhappy life he and Mrs. Watt had lived. He said she was living in Chapel-street, Belgrave, and spoke of a person who was referred to as Lady Violet, and said she had been subjected to annoyance by Mrs. Watt. He showed witness a typewritten postcard.

Mr. Sims (for the prosecution): What was its character?—It was of the most scurrilous character. He instructed me if possible to find out who was the writer of the postcard. He attributed it to Mrs. Watt, and said that if he could find out that she wrote it he would have her locked up.

#### INTERVIEW WITH MRS. WATT.

Witness added that Mr. Watt asked him to "get in with" the servant and find out the mode of life of Mrs. Watt.

Later in the day Mr. Watt communicated with Marshall over the telephone stating that Lady Violet had been assaulted by hooligans in Sloane-street at the instigation of Mrs. Watt. He insisted that some action must be taken at once against Mrs. Watt.

Witness replied that Mr. Watt had left the matter in their hands, and if he was not satisfied he must take his business elsewhere. Mr. Watt replied, "All right," and made an appointment with witness for Monday morning.

After seeing Mr. Watt witness obtained an order to view the house in Chapel-street, where Mrs. Watt was residing, that house being to let.

He saw Mrs. Watt, and afterwards told Mr. Watt what she said. Mrs. Watt talked to witness

about an incident when Mr. Watt visited her about a fortnight before.

Mr. Sims: Explain the incident.  
Marshall said that Mr. Watt had offered her £800 to give up a settlement for 1901, and she had refused to have anything to do with him. When he told Mr. Watt that Mrs. Watt had said she was frightened of his violence, Mr. Watt showed witness another typewritten postcard, and said the author of those messages must be discovered.

The next morning witness had a further conversation with Mr. Watt, in the course of which he mentioned that during the altercation with his wife a fortnight before he struck her on the heart with his left fist. Owing to the tendons of his arm being hurt he could not deal an effective blow, he explained, and added, "I swung round to give her the right, but just at that moment the servant Maloney came to the door, or I should have 'finished her.'"

Mr. Watt also asked witness if he could recommend a solicitor to take up the question of the postcards. Witness named one.

#### "£2,000 TO PUT MRS. WATT AWAY."

Mr. Watt remarked that he had consulted a good many solicitors, and they had all swindled him. He said, "On one occasion I gave a solicitor £2,000 to put Mrs. Watt away, and the arrangements were made, and I went to the house with the solicitor and two men, but at the last moment the solicitor showed the white feather, did nothing, and stuck to the £2,000."

Mr. Watt also stated that he had arranged with a certain doctor that he should give a certificate that Mrs. Watt had died from heart disease, for it was known that she suffered with her heart. Subsequently witness referred to the doctor again, and Mr. Watt then said that the doctor had told him he could do nothing to do with the case, and advised him (Mr. Watt) to do nothing, but to get some other man.

At this interview Mrs. Watt's servant, Maloney, was present, and Mr. Watt gave her a card to take to Mrs. Watt.

On leaving the house witness communicated with the authorities.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS SOLICITOR.

Mr. Sims: How much in all had you received from Mr. Watt?—Ten pounds, which he gave me on Monday morning, the 14th inst.

Cross-examined by Mr. Freke Palmer: I do not believe half that Mr. Watt said. I know that Mr. Watt went to Westminster Police Court to prefer a charge of assault against his wife, and that his wife was represented by counsel, but that no complaint of the assault upon her was mentioned.

Do you believe the story of the assault?—I do.

And do you believe that he gave a solicitor £2,000 to murder his wife?—He mentioned the name of the solicitor.

There is a great deal against our profession, but I hope we are not murderers yet. Write down the name of the solicitor. I will not ask you to mention it, only I hope it is not myself. (Laughter.)

Witness wrote down the name.

Did he give you the names of the other solicitors whom he said had robbed him?—Yes.

I hope that mine is not among them, because I have acted for him before?—Yes, he mentioned you. He was more dead against you than anybody else. (Laughter.)

#### MR. WATT NOT A MATCHMAKER.

Further examined, witness said he did not say that Mrs. Watt seemed fond of him (witness), and Mr. Watt never suggested that if that was the case he had better marry her. (Laughter.)

Mr. Palmer: Didn't you ask how much she was worth?—No.

And didn't you say you could not marry her because you had had some trouble of your own in the Divorce Court and the King's Proctor had intervened?—No.

Witness added that he had a talk with Mrs. Watt about a deed of settlement dated 1901, and according to this deed she would not get anything until her husband's death.

Mr. Palmer: It is his death that is important, then, and not hers.

Did you treat the suggestion that his wife was to be chloroformed as a mad one?—I thought he was mad. I was thunderstruck.

Having treated this at first as a mad suggestion, you then did your best to get him to repeat it in the presence of witnesses?—Yes.

Mr. Palmer: That was done with a view of getting Mr. Watt into trouble?—No; to save Mrs. Watt's life.

Who are those creatures who listened at the keyhole of the door when Mr. Watt was speaking to you?—One was McKenna, and the other Drummond. McKenna is a retired police inspector.

#### "SNUFF HER OUT."

On the occasion when the statement was repeated in the presence of witnesses, witness opened a conversation by asking if Mr. Watt had found any other way out of the difficulty. He replied, "No, you must 'snuff her out.' You get her to come to my place. You help me to get her downstairs. I will give her a push and chloroform her, and all is over. Within forty-eight hours I will have her cremated." Witness had seen the reports of McKenna and Drummond since the last hearing.

Mr. Palmer: I thought so by the changes you have made in your evidence this morning.

Re-examined by Mr. Sims, witness said he gave information to the police because he felt that if anything did happen to Mrs. Watt he would be an accessory before the fact.

The case was adjourned till this morning.

## YACHTING SWINDLER.

Absconding Bank Clerk Still at Large  
on the Roving Catarina.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The achievement of Gallay, the absconding bank clerk, is unique in the annals of bank swindles.

His work did not bring him into touch with a single franc of cash. His sole duty consisted in writing letters to the clients of the bank acknowledging their withdrawals, and in receiving letters of instructions as to their accounts. It was by a long series of ingeniously forged letters purporting to come from clients, and directing that funds should be transferred to the account of "Baron de Graval," that he amassed his ill-gotten fortune.

A delightful touch of irony is supplied by the fact that at one time Gallay was commissary of police in Seine Inferieure, and inspector at Caen. Indeed, his nom de guerre, "de Graval," is taken from the little village of Graval in Neuchâtel-en-Bray.

Mr. Nicholson, the actual owner of the yacht *Catarina*, has cabled to the captain, Captain Cowes, at Buenos Ayres and all the probable ports of call, to report himself at once to the British Consul. In order to avoid complicity. Nearly £200 has, in all, been spent in cabling warrants to various ports for Gallay's arrest.

The *Catarina* is bound to put in at some port within the next two days, as she left St. Vincent on August 14, and her bunkers will not carry coal for more than a few days' steaming. There is, however, some chance that she may have landed, as the "pampero," a violent wind, prevails in the South Atlantic at this season, and the *Catarina* is only of 580 tons burden. All her crew of twenty men are English.

#### SUBMARINE SIGNALS.

Messages from Goodwin Sands Lightship  
Received by Vessel Six Miles Away.

There will now be far less danger of shipwreck around the fog-wrapped shores of England in winter.

The Trinity yacht Irene, with a telephonic receiving apparatus fixed in its navigating room, steamed yesterday towards the Goodwin Sands to complete the experiments in submarine signalling conducted by the bureau of Trinity House.

When the yacht was six miles from the dangerous shoals, the signals struck on the large bell beneath the lightship, sounding clear and distinct on board the approaching vessel.

#### NOVEL RACE FOR £4,000.

Remarkable Incentive to Three Middle-Aged  
Bachelors To Change Their State.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—A remarkable will is reported to-day from Lyons. A lady named Letellier has left a fortune of £4,000 to the one of her three bachelor nephews who shall marry and have the largest family at the end of three years.

The youngest of the three men is forty-two, the eldest fifty. Three marriages are expected to take place at an early date.

#### MISSING HEIRESS.

American Millionaire Leaves a Vast Fortune  
to a Fiancee, Who Cannot Be Traced.

A fortune has just been placed at the disposal of the American Consul in Paris to aid in the search for Miss McCown, an American girl who disappeared in Alsace-Lorraine some months ago.

Miss McCown's lover, Mr. Henry Antrobus, a California millionaire, has died at Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A., leaving her his entire fortune, to be used in search for her, if need be.

Miss McCown was studying music in Paris when she started alone for a holiday in Alsace, from which she never returned.

#### CHEERS IN COURT.

There were loud cheers in the West London Police Court yesterday when a serious charge against Joseph James, a chemist, trading as Elliott and Co., at Uxbridge-road, Shepherd's Bush, was dismissed.

He was accused of administering chloroform to a girl with criminal intent, but the magistrate said there was no evidence suggesting any attempt at impropriety.

#### FRENCH PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

PARIS, Thursday.—It is announced this afternoon that M. Taillandier, the French Minister to Morocco, will be recalled unless prompt satisfaction is obtained for the recent arrest of an Algerian, who was a French subject.—Central News.

## PLUCKY ATTEMPTS TO SWIM CHANNEL.

Miss Kellermann Compelled To Give  
Up After a Heroic Struggle.

### FOUR ASPIRANTS.

Possibly yesterday was the greatest day in the interesting annals of the English Channel, so far as attempts to swim it are concerned.

No fewer than four plucky aspirants for the honour of equalling Captain Webb's great feat started on their tremendous task, and it was strikingly appropriate that they should do so on the thirtieth anniversary of the dead swimmer's unparalleled achievement.

The four were, giving them in the order in which they started:—

Miss Kellermann, the Australian amateur, who is striving for the *Daily Mirror* trophy.  
Horace Mew, of Shanklin.

T. W. Burgess, the Yorkshire champion, who made a fine attempt a few weeks ago.

Montague Holbein, who has made six previous efforts of a similar character.

After the stormy weather of the past few days it came rather as a surprise yesterday morning to hear that a start had been made. Miss Kellermann, Mew, and Burgess started early in the morning, but after a great struggle all had to give up. Holbein did not commence until the afternoon, and from the start appeared to be in splendid condition.

The following are the respective performances:—

#### MISS KELLERMANN.

Miss Kellermann's attempt was one of heroic pluck. It was 6.30 a.m. when she dived off the Admiralty Pier, amid a rousing cheer.

When she entered the water the temperature stood at 60 deg. Miss Kellermann went away with her usual steady, strong double-overarm stroke at forty to the minute. Within half an hour the swimmer was well outside the new extension pier.

For the first hour she made splendid progress to the merry strains of the gramophone, the swimmer now and again singing a snatch of song. She was joined in the water for a time by Tom Reece, a well-known billiard player, who is a fine fast swimmer as well. "I'll propose to you," he cried. "And I'll accept you," laughed back the cheery girl. "No, no," shouted Mr. Kellermann from the accompanying tug. "I can't allow that. She's too young to marry."

In three hours four miles in the direct course had been covered, and then the westward tide began to retard Miss Kellermann's progress. But she tired not until five or six miles had been covered, and then she showed symptoms of distress.

Shortly afterwards it was apparent that she was suffering from that deadly enemy, sea-sickness. Still she heroically ploughed on, with the sickness wracking her again and again.

At last it was decided that she must give up, and against her will was almost pulled into the boat, defeated only by sickness, but from a swimming standpoint, as strong as she started six hours before.

#### HORACE MEW.

Mew started at 7.15, and went off with great rapidity in a direct course for France. Four hours later he passed Miss Kellermann, and at 11.30 was halfway across and making splendid progress. Two hours later, however, he had to give up owing to surf on the Varne Bank.

#### W. BURGESS.

Burgess entered the water at South Foreland at 8.35, and up to 11.15 was making good progress. At one o'clock Burgess seemed certain to get outside Varne Bank. His propeller-like action was sending him through the water at a great pace.

He was six miles from Dover and five miles east of the Varne Buoy at 2.30, but about an hour later he had to be taken out of the water.

#### MONTAGUE HOLBEIN.

It was not until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon that Holbein entered the water to the west of the Kent Coal Works. He was full of confidence and in splendid fettle. He went away with a fine, steady sweep, and his friends were of the opinion that he would excel all his previous performances.

#### MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Fifty-three new cases of yellow fever and five deaths yesterday are reported from New Orleans.

Two feet in thickness, a further seam of coal has been struck at the Dover Colliery works, at a depth of 1,600ft.

A gigantic trust, with a capital of £12,000,000, is being formed to control the six wine-producing provinces of Southern France.

By the collapse of theatre scenery warehouses now building at Berne, two workmen were killed and two injured. Three others, says Reuter, are still missing.



## DRUIDS' MEET AT STONEHENGE.

Sir E. Antrobus Initiated Under the  
Shadow of the Ruins.

### STRANGE CEREMONIES.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

AMESBURY, Thursday.—A strange sight was seen to-day on the lonely plain out of which rise the giant monoliths, erected by hands dead some thousands of years ago, that are known to the world as Stonehenge.

Over 600 members of the Ancient Order of Druids, many of whom had come by train from London, assembled round the age-worn stones and performed antics as peculiar as any the old Druids did in the ages before Caesar landed on these shores.

There was nothing mystic about many of the Druids as they arrived. They wore bowler hats and tweed suits like ordinary twentieth century folk. Some, however—the chiefs of the order—had been made up with Father Christmas robes and beards, and no doubt those who like that sort of thing liked it very much. To the unprejudiced onlooker, however, there was something a little ludicrous in the ceremonies.

#### Returning Good for Evil.

The chief point of it all was the initiation of Sir Edmund Antrobus, the owner of Stonehenge, into the mysteries of the order.

It was a case of returning good for evil, for Sir Edmund Antrobus recently erected a barbed-wire fence around the remains and then defended a lawsuit which established his contention that the public had no right-of-way across the site.

There was no trace of ill-feeling in the attitude of the venerable Druids. They welcomed Sir Edmund with their 12,000 open arms, and with a vast deal of ceremony. There were twenty-four other more or less distinguished novitiates.

So large was the attendance of the general public that it was only after the police had driven the crowds out of hearing distance that the secret rites of the Druids could be proceeded with.

A grand laugh went up from the uninitiated when the candidates, headed by Sir Edmund, were led blindfolded between the double line of lords to the altar, where they swore not to reveal the secrets of the brotherhood.

### LADY'S DRESS ABLAZE.

Exciting Scene Among a Well-Dressed Throng  
at Scarborough Spa.

There was an exciting scene at Scarborough Spa yesterday during the morning band performance.

A gentleman, seated next to a lady, threw down a match which ignited the lady's dress. Great excitement prevailed, but the gentleman crushed the flaming fabric in his hands, and extinguished the flames.

The wearer of the ruined dress displayed great coolness and fortunately stood still instead of rushing off in a panic.

### TURBULENT CALLER.

Girl Recipient of a Bundle of Mysterious  
Threatening Letters.

A remarkable story was told by a respectable-looking young woman, who yesterday applied to Mr. Denman at Marylebone for advice.

Last Sunday evening, she said, a man knocked at her street-door, and when she answered it, he said he was awfully sorry for having made a mistake. He then knocked her down, and she could recollect no more.

On Monday morning she received a letter telling her the writer meant to murder her. She had had other similar letters. She did not know the man who knocked her down on Sunday, and she was entirely ignorant who the writer of the letter was—in fact, she did not know whether it was written by a man or a woman.

She produced one out of a bundle of threatening letters, and Mr. Denman referred her to the police.

### BANKRUPT'S RUSE THAT FAILED.

After selling his baker's business at Harlesden for £440, George Ralph gave £50 each to his wife and daughter, and handed the latter £100 to keep for him. He then paid some creditors, and filed a petition in bankruptcy.

For not disclosing the asset of £200, he was sentenced yesterday at Clerkenwell to one month's imprisonment.

Lord Wolseley, who has been reported unwell, desires it to be known that he is in good health.

## TWENTY IN ONE ROOM.

Fearful Plight of the Doukhobors Awaiting  
Shipment to Canada.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

LIVERPOOL, Thursday.—The Russian Doukhobors, on their way to found a settlement at Winnipeg, are staying in Liverpool until Thursday next. They are living under extraordinary conditions in what is known as the foreign quarter of the port. One hundred and forty of them have been placed in two houses, and as many as twenty are crowded into one bed room. The houses are in Upper Pitt-street, and have three storeys and a basement. Beyond rude beds in each room there is no furniture, and there is no separation of sexes. One of the babies died in London, and, considering the way in which the people are housed, further deaths are not improbable.

Interviewed by a *Daily Mirror* representative, one of the Doukhobors stated that he wished to publish a statement in the columns of this paper, of which, by the way, every member of the party had a copy of Monday's issue, containing their photographs.

Translated into English, the message is as follows: "In your English papers we are said to be followers of a religion founded by Tolstoi. This is not so. Tolstoi joined our religion."

"We are Anarchist Communists. We believe in Anarchy without its violence."

"We believe in forgiving people. If any man did us wrong we should not give him in charge to your police, and we never give one another up to the law."

"Two men who call themselves missionaries have been here, asking leave to marry the men and women who are living together in a natural state. This we would not have. We believe in free love, and to show that there is nothing good in this, we are able to prove—as we stated to the missionaries—that for twenty-eight years there has been no case where a man has left his children and their mother."

"It is true they frequently separate before there are children, but this is precisely as we wish. It is better that they should find their disagreements early."

### NEW COVENT GARDEN.

Fruit-Growers Anticipate Promising Future  
for the Portman Market.

At a meeting yesterday of fruit growers and others connected with Portman Market, Edgware-road, it was pointed out that the market is in an exceptional position for railway facilities.

After an exchange of views between the growers and the management it was decided that the market should be opened each day, from five to ten a.m., with a special market each Friday, from twelve midday till five p.m.

A feature of the market—unique so far as London is concerned—will be the abolition of portage charges. Every grower holding a stall will be expected to have his own men to take his produce to the buyers' vans.

### SINGULAR SLEEPING BERTH.

Old Offender Found in a Church, Curled Up  
Under a Pew-Seat.

"I'm a respectable man. I'd had a drop of drink, and seeing the church door open I only went in to have a sleep," protested Ernest Ireland, whom a cleaner found under a pew-seat in St. James's Church, Kennington Park-road.

But a hard-hearted detective-sergeant stated that accused had been in and out of prison during the last twenty-three years, and twelve or thirteen convictions were recorded against him.

In sentencing him to three months' hard labour at Lambeth yesterday, the magistrate said he appeared to have spent nearly twelve years of his life in prison.

### CROYDON BULL HUNT.

Provides an Hour's Exciting Diversion for  
Amateur Matadors.

A fine bull added to the gaiety of life in Croydon yesterday.

It escaped from its drover in Park-lane, preferring to a sedate march along the highway, a frolicsome gambol in some neighbouring fair pastures.

When a number of railwaymen gave chase they found they had to exercise the agility of matadors, and for an hour sixty men enjoyed a hunt which was not without its element of risk.

Eventually the exhausted animal was skilfully lassoed and secured.

### ROYAL ACADEMY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Most of the leading inhabitants of South Africa have signed a petition to King Edward praying for a royal charter to establish a royal academy. Sir William Richmond has already been chosen the first president.

## PEACE PESSIMISM.

Despondency the Feeling of the  
Hour at Portsmouth.

### WHAT RUSSIA SAYS.

Again the feeling of pessimism as to peace prospects is uppermost. The truth is said to be that the Tsar changes his attitude so suddenly and so inexplicably as to astonish even the Russian plenipotentiaries.

According to an "authoritative statement," Russia is not prepared to accept the suggested compromise by which she should purchase half of Saghalien for a price (£120,000,000), which would cover Japan's expenses in the war. Russia will not agree to an indemnity in any disguise.

However, there is still time to arrange matters between now and the next meeting of the Conference on Saturday.

President Roosevelt is said to be still hopeful.

#### Plenipotentiaries Statement.

PORTSMOUTH (N.H.), Thursday.—The following is an authoritative statement regarding the Russian position:—

"The envoys of Japan have come forward with a proposal new in form but old in substance."

Apparently Japan has struck her pen through the most obnoxious clause, namely, that dealing with the indemnity, and all she now asks Russia to do in addition to the terms already agreed upon is to purchase the northern half of Saghalien for £120,000,000. This alleged simplification is supposed to provide Russia with an acceptable basis for a treaty of peace.

But a grievous mistake was committed by those who imagined that the plenipotentiaries of the Tsar and representatives of the Russian nation would take the hook for the kernel, the shadow for the substance.

"All Japan does, it is alleged, is to join the question of Saghalien with that of the cash payments, and to insist on her war costs under the name of purchase money."

"Russia cannot pay an indemnity under any disguise, nor can she regard the proposal as proof of a genuine desire for peace."

#### "Still Great and Unconquered."

"Russia has conceded freely and fully everything she could give consistently with her sense of national honour and dignity; hence what to Japan is but a matter of money is to Russia a point of honour. To withdraw her monetary demands, therefore, is immeasurably easier to Japan than it would be to Russia to accede to them."

"Russia is still a mighty and unconquered nation, whose people will enthusiastically uphold her representative in his firm resolve to keep her national escutcheon immaculate."

"If therefore the labours of the Conference are not to end in smoke, and if the effusion of blood in the Far East is to be terminated, it behoves Japan to make a frank declaration that she withdraws once and for all, and without reserve, her consent to have her war costs paid in any shape or form."

No peace, it is declared, can be assured unless Japan does this.—Reuter.

### WHAT THE WORLD THINKS.

Nobody can say with even approximate certainty what the result of the Conference will be. Everybody, on the other hand, is freely expressing opinions. How various these may be judged from the following selection of opinions expressed yesterday in the cablegrams from Portsmouth:—

#### PEACE PROBABLE.

"Daily News," "Figaro," "Morning Post," "Matin," "Daily Chronicle."

#### NO PEACE.

"Daily Telegraph," "Russkoje-Slovo" (St. Petersburg), "Novoye Vremya" (St. Petersburg), "Sviet" (St. Petersburg), many French papers.

#### UNDECIDED.

"Times," "Daily Mail," Reuter (inclined to believe in peace).

### LADY WARWICK THE BENEFACTOR.

It was stated at a meeting of the unemployed at West Ham yesterday that Lady Warwick had written saying that they could call upon her for what was immediately necessary.

It was also announced that, after the recess, Councillor Heyday will move that £15,000 be allotted for the carrying out of relief work for the unemployed by the borough council.

### NO CHILDREN ALLOWED.

"Dr." Walford Bodie has been forbidden by the medical officer of Bradford to introduce children under eleven in his entertainments on public stages in that city.

## LONG-LIVED PAUPERS.

Statistics Prove the Workhouse the  
Healthiest Residence There Is.

"A workhouse is the healthiest place of residence in London," said the Hackney coroner. Some interesting facts have been ascertained by the *Daily Mirror* regarding the health of the inmates of some of these workhouses.

At the Westminster Workhouse, in Soho, by no means a healthy neighbourhood, though the death-rate is about the same as for the rest of London, the average age of the 450 inmates is over 60.

Numbers of these residents are well on the way to the nonagenarian stage, and have been in the workhouse for many years.

According to the officials the good health which prevails is owing to the utter absence of worry, the mode of living, regular meals, and free medical advice.

### SOLVED AT LAST.

Why a Chicago Millionaire Spent His  
Honeymoon in Secret.

The mystery concerning the secret honeymoon of Mr. Olin W. Potter, the Chicago millionaire, and his bride, who was formerly a hairdresser, has been cleared up.

According to the *Daily Mirror* New York correspondent, Mr. Potter's children may seek to have their father's sensational marriage annulled on the ground that Mrs. Potter was not legally divorced from Mr. James E. Bell, her former husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter are at present in England.

### ORGAN-GRINDER'S FORTUNE.

Italian Amasses £1,400 Before Returning to  
His Native Land.

Fourteen hundred pounds is the small fortune which Villa Manzchia, an Italian, has amassed by playing a barrel-organ in the streets of New York.

Manzchia and his wife were arrested for playing without a licence, and when they appeared before the police magistrate they proudly displayed a well-filled bank-book.

The Italian and his wife have just sailed for their old home in Italy, where they will be the richest inhabitants of the village.

### SEALS IN THE WASH.

They Bask on the Sands and Form a Novel  
Spectacle for British Excursionists.

For several years the expansive sandbanks and waters of the Wash have formed the habitat of a number of seals. There the graceful creatures breed and multiply almost undisturbed.

At the present time of year it is no unusual thing for fishermen or adventurous excursionists to see dozens of them basking on the sands.

Their capture has not developed into a commercial industry, but on rare occasions a seal is captured alive, and it is then invariably sold for exhibition purposes.

### BLACKMAIL SUSPECTED.

Woman Spends Banns' Money, Sells Wedding  
Ring, and at Last Takes Poison.

"I have done bad to all. He has been good to me, and I hope to put an end to it all by poison, for the sake of myself and my baby, which was born without a name. No one is to blame."

After writing this pathetic letter, Mrs. Mary Moore, of Moss-street, Bethnal-green, poisoned herself after a mysterious life. Her marriage had been deferred through her own fault. Once she spent the money given to her to put up the banns, and twice she had on her wedding-ring. The husband thought there was a blackmailer in the background.

"There is evidently something behind the scenes," said the coroner at the inquest yesterday, when a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane was returned.

### MOTOR-OMNIBUSES COST TOO MUCH.

In spite of the competition of motor-omnibuses, said Sir John Pounds, at the half-yearly meeting of the London General Omnibus Company yesterday, there had been an increase of 687,000 passengers, although owing to reduced fares this was accompanied by a reduction of £2,682 in the receipts.

The company had found motor-omnibuses too expensive in maintenance, and had determined to wait for machines which would prove reliable and durable.



## WEED-KILLER IN THE TEA.

Girl Committed for Trial on Remarkable Evidence.

### STRIKING ADMISSIONS.

The Penge poisoning mystery promises to become one of the most extraordinary cases of its kind on record.

A young servant girl, Sophia Ethel Bourne, of Carlton-road, Kenilworth, who is only nineteen years of age, stands charged with administering poison to Miss Elizabeth Berry Hole, at Norwood, and to nine other persons at Beckenham, under circumstances which have already been published.

Miss Hole, who is eighty years of age, and in whose service the girl was when the affair occurred, is now so ill that the magistrates had to attend at her house to take her depositions.

Yesterday they sat to hear further evidence against the girl. The first witness called was Miss Grace G. Watney, nurse, of 42, Beckenham-road, who was one of the persons taken ill. She said that on June 29 she attended the Misses Jukes and Miss Hole at Avington-grove, Miss Hole's residence. On the following morning she took some tea, and was ill almost immediately afterwards. She did not recover for nearly three weeks.

On July 20 she partook of some milk, and was again taken ill. On one occasion Bourne said to her when she met her, "The new cook and Mabel are ill now." Witness asked her when they were taken ill, and she replied, "Directly after their tea, but I did not drink any tea, and so I am all right." Witness said, "What a terrible thing," and Bourne smiled.

### Self-Possessed Confession.

The Rev. Worthington Jukes, rector of Shrobbrooke, Crediton, brother of Miss Georgie Jukes—one of the poisoned persons—stated that on July 26 he was at 42, Beckenham-road, and had an interview with the prisoner in the drawing-room.

Mr. Lewis (for the prosecution): What happened?—Well, before she came to the drawing-room she saw me in the biscuit, and told me she wanted to see Miss Jukes. She said, "I want to see Miss Georgie, to tell her what happened." I told her to come upstairs and I would confront her with Miss Georgie. I went to Miss Georgie and brought her into the drawing-room, and then the prisoner was brought in.

Mr. Lewis: What was her attitude?—She was self-possessed. I asked what she had to say, but she said she wanted to speak to Miss Jukes alone. I then left the room, and before very long I was asked to come back, and on doing so was told by Miss Jukes that the prisoner had acknowledged putting weed-killer in the tea.

Witness, continuing, said: "I asked prisoner whether that was the case, and she said she had put weed-killer in the tea on three occasions."

Mr. Lewis: Where?—At No. 7, Avington-grove, so I understood her to say, but that she had done nothing to the tea at 42, Beckenham-road.

Ethel Gulliver, nurse to Mrs. Hodgson, of 42, Beckenham-road, where Miss Hole went with Bourne when taken ill, deposed that on July 21 she had a cup of coffee, and was seized with sickness and pains about half an hour afterwards. She continued ill for two days. She remarked to Bourne how very funny it was that everyone was taken ill. The latter said she knew nothing about it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brill, a cook, at 42, Beckenham-road, complained of a similar experience.

Mr. Lewis: Did Bourne remark at all about your illness?—I said, "I think it must be something infectious." She replied, "I don't think it's anything infectious."

Did the prisoner appear to be sorry for you?—Yes, she attended me and I took it that she was sorry.

### "You Do Look Ill."

The next day she felt slightly better, but soon after she had had some gruel she became intensely ill again. That same day Bourne came to her bedside with a letter for her, and said, "Oh, Lizzie, you do look ill." She replied, "I think I am dying," and to this Bourne remarked, "Don't you have anything to do with Dr. — (mentioning a name); he is an old fool, and I hate him."

A detective, who found at Avington-grove two screws of newspaper containing grey powder, said Bourne told him she had weighed out weed-killer on the kitchen table, and some of it might have fallen.

She had further said, "I did not mean to hurt the people, but they had not spoken to me for three days."

Bourne was committed for trial at Maidstone Assizes.

During the afternoon a painful scene occurred in court, when one of the witnesses, Nurse Murdoch, who was seated behind the dock, was taken suddenly ill and had to be removed from the court.

## ABANDONED TREASURE.

Thirty Millions to Remain in the Keeping of the Silent Deep.

The treasure-seekers of Tobermory have abandoned their quest. For two months diving operations have been carried on.

The Duke of Argyll had organised the search, and the Spanish Government had lodged a request that any human bones found might be dispatched for Christian burial in Spain. Excitement had been intense—and now it is over, and the Almirante Florida is still in the safe-keeping of the sea.

She was, 317 years ago, the largest galleon in the Levant squadron of the Spanish Armada. Having rounded the north of Scotland, she put in at Tobermory Harbour, where she was blown up by one Maclean, of Dowart, who at the time when the Florida arrived was engaged in war with his neighbours.

In return for provisioning the ship, he got 100 Spanish soldiers to aid him against the Macleans, but while he was besieging the castle of his enemy a message came from the Spanish captain demanding the men back.

Maclean kept three men as security for the provisions, and sent the rest back with Maclean of Morvern as ambassador.

The Spaniards imprisoned Young Maclean on board, and he, seizing an opportunity, fired the magazine and destroyed the ship, only three Spaniards escaping.

In 1688 Saucheverel, Governor of Man, recovered part of the treasure with the aid of diving-bells, while some guns were recovered in 1740.

The attempt which has just been abandoned has produced sundry cannon balls, pieces of timber, silver, pistols, and bones, and a few "pieces of eight."

This is all that has been recovered of a treasure reputed to be equal to thirty millions sterling.

## OPERA ON SUNDAYS.

Popular Secular Concerts in London by Well-Known Operatic Company.

Years ago the Sunday League only countenanced Sunday music. Anything secular was frowned upon, but Mr. Charles Manners, of the Moody Manners Opera Company, has overcome this prejudice.

The secretary of the league, knowing that the public is not averse to hearing opera on Sunday, has entered into an arrangement with Mr. Manners to open the season at the Alhambra with a programme of operatic numbers, each being sung by a principal and chorus.

Turn will follow turn. No sooner has Thaddeus sighed through "When Other Lips" than Don Cesar de Bazan will declaim "Yes! Let Me Like a Soldier Fall" to be followed by the "Easter Hymn" from the ever-popular "Cavalleria Rusticana," and so on.

A Queen's Hall audience will next benefit by the experiment.

## DEVEREUX'S SON.

Magistrate Starts a Public Fund for the Maintenance of Little Stanley.

Mrs. Gregory, the mother of the late Mrs. Devereux, attended yesterday at Willesden Police Court to beg for further assistance towards the support of poor little Stanley Devereux.

The magistrate, after commending Mrs. Gregory for having parted with all her belongings in order to provide decent burial for her daughter and grandchildren, said that the Bench would be pleased to take charge of a fund to be formed for the purpose of educating and maintaining Stanley.

He then appealed to the charitable public for help, and asked that all contributions should be sent to Mr. John Pearce, the clerk, Court House, St. Mary's-road, Haresden, N.W.

## CROMER MYSTERY SOLVED.

Recovery of the Body of One of the Victims of Tragic Boating Excursion.

A great sensation was caused last Bank Holiday by the inexplicable disappearance of Walter Baker and Florence Capps, two hotel servants at Cromer, who set out on a boating excursion from which they never returned.

A tragical solution of the mystery was, however, arrived at yesterday when the body of Baker was discovered some thirty-five miles from Cromer by the skipper of the Lowestoft drifter Young Jack.

## IN WANT OF A THRASHING.

When Ethel Woolner, a girl of eighteen, asked yesterday at Newcastle-on-Tyne for a separation order from a boy apprentice, whom she married two years ago, the magistrate's clerk said that both she and her husband needed a good thrashing.

## CONCEIT OF MAN.

"Maud Gonne" Explains Why Marriage Is So Often a Failure.

### "IT COULD BE A SUCCESS."

"Is marriage a failure?" In reply to this well-worn question, "Maud Gonne," who has recently obtained a separation from her husband, Major McBride, says that a woman of independent instincts "might just as well shun marriage."

The "Irish Joan of Arc," as her admirers call her, remarked to her interviewer:—

"That depends upon the woman who is the wife. If a woman really has something worth while doing in the world, I say unhesitatingly that marriage is a deplorable step for her. If she is an ordinary, commonplace woman, then she might as well marry as not."

"But a man is selfish—oh, how selfish!" she exclaimed. "No matter how loving he is when first married, he is sure to become jealous or sarcastic about his wife's career. Finally he is fable to make his wife's life a hell."

"This is true of nearly all men. I have seen it a thousand times. I have seen each of a thousand brilliant women married to some commonplace man who thinks his first duty is to worship him, then to take care of his children and home, and then to be grateful for enough food and clothes to live on."

### "Tremendous Egotism."

"The worst obstacle to marital happiness is man's inborn conceit, his tremendous half-hidden egotism. I deplore the selfishness of a love that can ask a fine woman to sacrifice her own legitimate ambitions in making a man's house comfortable."

"I do not see why, just because a woman is a wife and mother, she must be a housekeeper. If she has capacity to follow a profession and to help to earn money, why should she not give over domestic drudgery to well-chosen and well-paid servants?"

"No, no! To my mind the whole question can be summed up thus: Marriage could be the greatest success in the sociological history of humanity if the man would or could play fair. But I believe any woman with independent instincts, with the dream of making her individual personality count for something in the world, might just as well shun marriage."

## SEVEN FIRES IN A FLAT.

Mysterious Series of Outbreaks in a Maida Vale Mansion.

Croydon is not the only district in which a fire epidemic is raging. Maida Vale has now caught the disease, and its firemen are being kept very busy.

Within the last three days the brigade has been called no fewer than five times to outbreaks at an unoccupied flat at Castellain-mansions, Castellain-road. Two more fires occurred yesterday morning, the first shortly before seven and the second at a quarter-past ten.

## THE £500 MONEY SHOWER.

Further Progress of "Answers'" Great Cash Distribution.

Yesterday excitement prevailed in the twenty-seven towns visited by representatives of "Answers," and to-day twenty-one more centres of population—ranging from Kilmarnock to Bognor, and from Torquay to Skegness—have their opportunity of sharing in the £500 which is being distributed this week in 45 notes and sovereigns to people who carry the current number of "Answers" in their hats.

"Mr. Answers" and his assistants have found no difficulty in getting rid of the money. In many cases the first thing they have seen on emerging from the railway station has been an eager watcher bearing a copy of the Golden One, and generally the puzzle has been to avoid seeing several claimants at the same time.

"Answers" having imprudently paused to greet a local newsgather at the station, was instantly mobbed by a huge crowd, despite his protests, and had to take refuge in the house of an acquaintance. The crowd waited patiently outside for some hours, and finally the unfortunate prisoner had to send a friend out by the back entrance with the prize-money, which he gave to the first bearer of the orange-covered weekly that he met.

## MUCH TOO FOND OF MARBLES.

In a matrimonial dispute threshed out by a young couple in the Heywood Police Court, the trouble, it was stated, had all arisen through the husband wanting most of his wages back to buy marbles with.

## "DOLLY" IS BETTER.

Monkey Hospital Out-Patient Progressing Towards Recovery.

Charing Cross Hospital and the Coliseum are mutually overjoyed—Dolly's temperature is at last normal.

It was with a sigh of distinct relief that Dr. Strickland announced the fact that his monkey patient was out of danger, and that Dolly would soon be able to return to her theatrical duties at the Coliseum.

But at noon every day she is still taken to the hospital, when she refuses to be touched by anyone except Dr. Strickland.

The fact that Dr. Strickland was compelled to operate on her arm seems to trouble her very little.

No human invalid could have a stricter and more regular daily programme.

At eight o'clock Dolly breakfasts on milk and ice, followed by a bit of fruit sent in by admiring friends.

The same menu is repeated three times a day. After every meal Dolly squeezes her pinched face between the bars of her cage and anxiously awaits her medicine.

She does not find the role of an invalid very unpleasant. She spends her days comfortably seated in her cage, swathed like any human patient with bandages of flannel covered with linen.

## TRAFFIC IN CHILDREN.

Callous Parents Give Their Offspring Away for the Asking.

Though the case of the child who was sold for sixpence has caused a great deal of surprise, it is none the less true that there a great many other children in London at the present time, who have been given away by their parents for the mere asking.

They are nearly all Italians from Naples, and are gaining their livelihood in the metropolis by the pernicious padrone system.

Signor Bernasconi, secretary of the Italian Mutual Aid Society, in Soho-square, yesterday told *the Daily Mirror* how these children were brought into the country.

"The ice-cream vendors and piano-organ grinders of Saffron-hill," he said, "import the boys in numbers. They come from Naples, where their parents are willing to hand them over to anyone who wants them. Their new owner merely pays their fare to this country and then makes them work for him."

## ARCHITECTS IN SAND.

"Daily Mirror" Competitions Take Place To-day on Southport's Far-Famed Shore.

At three o'clock this afternoon a castle-building contest will be held on Southport sands.

Prizes of £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d. will be awarded. Anyone under twenty-one years of age may compete, either singly or in parties of not more than six persons. Each competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

The judges of to-day's sand castle competition at Southport will be:—W. Elliott, chief constable; A. F. Stephenson, J.P.; R. P. Hurst, borough surveyor; Wallace Shuttleworth, and Mayoress Mrs. Tronson.

owing to the huge success of the sand-castle competitions at Margate and Ramsgate a second contest at each of those places has been arranged for to-morrow.

## BATHING BURGLAR.

Eccentric Habit of Ill-Timed Ablution Leads to His Capture.

Burglars have tastes. They have their own little idiosyncrasies in pursuing their avocation, as witness the case of James Cooper, who has just been committed for trial at Belfast on charges of burglary.

It was Cooper's weakness for cleanliness that brought him into the hands of the police.

He was paying a call at a certain house, but, being adverse to front doors, he made his entrance via the ash-pit.

The consequent effect on his appearance compelled him to have a bath preparatory to starting "operations." Unfortunately the householder discovered him before he had finished his toilet.

In another case against Cooper the bath formed a preliminary to his burglary activity.

## THE WEEK'S NEWS IN PICTURES.

"ILLUSTRATED  
MAIL."

EVERY FRIDAY.

ONE PENNY.



## IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Mediumistic Tendencies Cured by Iron Tonic and Exercise.

### SCPTIC CONVINCED.

We print the following from among the number of letters we have received on this interesting subject:—

#### A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR.

"Convinced" (Putney) says his friend was resting "in a darkened room" and she distinctly heard her dead sister's voice say, "Do not fret; I am happy at last."

I would point out that had this lady been lying in a room with all the blinds up and the windows open she would never have heard (or imagined she heard) her sister's voice, for imagination it was, and nothing else.

A morbid mind is the cause of these extraordinary things. Doctors of to-day are making quite a goodly amount of money out of the complaint. The prescription they give is iron tonic and out-of-door exercise.

A. MOXOM.

Plaistow.

#### SCOFFER CONVERTED.

About nine years ago I was introduced to spiritualism, and, thinking it would afford me some curious fun, I began to investigate, eventually obtaining access to a circle held for intercourse with "the so-called dead." I was an utter stranger to the other sitters, about fourteen in number.

After waiting from twenty to thirty minutes, I felt a very strange sensation, and a strong wind blew through the room, although the door and windows were well closed. Eventually I became overwhelmed by the power, and my own dear mother controlled my body, related his whole death scene and other facts I never knew owing to his having been drowned away from home.

I found later that these statements were quite true. My mind had not got them stored away, and the other sitters could not furnish them, being in ignorance of the facts.

Many other striking evidences could be given if space would permit.

W. UNDERWOOD.

Middle Park, Eltham, Kent.

#### NO RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

I have watched with interest the letters on the spirit-world, and come to the conclusion that there is no reliable evidence to prove the return of the spirits of the dead. And I must say I am not sorry. To contemplate the possibility of returning after death is enough to drive one mad.

For a mother to know that her married daughter, with seven children, is being cruelly treated by a brutal husband is almost unbearable in this present mortal life.

How much more so when in the higher or spiritual nature we can see all this going on without the possibility of giving help!

God's way is best. It will be all right to live again when Christ has made all things new, wiped tears from all faces, abolished sin and pain and sorrow and death, and burnt up the wicked as stubble with unquenchable fire, leaving them neither root nor branch.

E. BELLAMY.

Heaton Norris, Stockport.

#### SPIRIT'S SCOTCH ACCENT.

I have seen and conversed with George Thompson, the spirit-communicator of Mrs. Mellon, the great medium. My son was present on the occasion, and about twenty other people, and I am only one among hundreds who can testify if they choose to the same experience.

He looked to me just an ordinary man, and spoke to me as one, but as one who knew me, and said he had been to see me twice with a spirit friend at my own home, but I was out when they called.

George is a handsome fellow, with keen, dark eyes and a Roman nose, and talks with a broad accent (Scottish).

I have seen the faces of spirits, subjectively, and they are very clear and beautiful. I have seen pictures of places before I have visited them, and have heard the direct voice.

If your correspondent would like any more information about these manifestations, I will be pleased to give it.

RESEARCH.

Jesmond-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

#### WHY ARE THE CLERGY SILENT?

It seems peculiar that we must live in the twentieth century before our teachers come to our aid and demonstrate by evidence the principles of their profession.

Some of your correspondents quote the scientists of the day who have for themselves procured and—for themselves—established from their deductions varied evidences of the realities of the unseen.

The educated theologians play second fiddle, by allowing others to prove what they are supposed to know more about than the ordinary layman.

I patiently wait for the guides to speak out. They reverently theorise about these things; why don't they prove them to us and establish their positions as teachers?

OWD JONATHAN.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

With 684 points the Ayrshire Imperial Yeomanry have proved the winners of the Inter-Regional Scottish Yeomanry Cup.

Maidstone was thrown into darkness by the failure of the electric supply, and the tramcars were at a standstill from the same cause.

Built and equipped at a cost of £263,000, the new armoured cruiser, Devonshire, was commissioned yesterday at Chatham, and shortly joins the First Cruiser Squadron.

All night long, in drizzling rain, a chauffeur kept solitary guard over a motor-car which, owing to a broken wheel, it was impossible to move from the high road at Whitegate, near Northwich.

At its next meeting the Worcester Council will be asked by the mayor to confer on Sir Edward Elgar, the distinguished composer, the freedom of the city. Sir Edward was born at Broadheath, Worcestershire.

In several of the London police courts during the past few days there have been noticeably fewer prisoners, and at Tower Bridge yesterday the magistrate's clerk suggested the getting in readiness of a pair of white gloves.

Appropriately enough the window which is being erected in Causton Church, Notts, in memory of the late Dean Hole, who was vicar from 1850 to 1887, and whose love of roses won for him the name of the "Rose Dean," bears the motto: "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the Rose."

Mr. Edgar Wilson, in reference to recent experiments with his flying machine at Wembley Park, says he has considerably improved the aircraft, which he has now equipped with a 6-h.p. petrol motor to flap the wings. He intends to make other trials shortly.

Water broke into the Blaendare Pit, Pontypool, whilst the colliers were at work. The men, however, were brought to the surface in safety, and divers are now engaged in clearing the gratings and pipes which were choked with rubbish. The water rose to a height of 24ft.

Warminster (Wiltshire) Workhouse paupers are threatened with the loss of their tobacco allowance, owing to the cost of the supply having risen from £1 17s. 2d. in 1888 to about £30 for the past year.

Mr. Bray, the inventor, whose death has just taken place at Leeds, claimed to have hurled a pair of tongs at Charles Peace one night when he heard pistol shots and found that notorious burglar outside his house.

Finding a purse containing over £2 in cash and a cheque for £1 19s., a tramp named Albert Ridley handed it over to the police at Honiton. His honesty was substantially rewarded by the owner, who lives near.

By the closing of the Bone coal-pit at Blackrod, near Wigan, Lancashire, 200 men and boys will be thrown out of employment.

## BLACKPOOL'S PRIZE SAND CASTLE.



First-prize castle, built by Master Edgar Bland, in the "Daily Mirror" sand-castle contest at Blackpool.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., left Euston for Liverpool yesterday en route to Canada.

Mr. Charles Bursey has just completed fifty years' service as a ringer at the Kingwood (Hampshire) parish church.

Hampshire claims £18,000 for damages done to the roads by tractors belonging to the War Office, but the latter authority only offers £4,000 in satisfaction of all claims.

One of four bull pups born at Shotton, Flintshire, has a perfectly-formed wing instead of a front leg. This is thought to be the only case of a bird forming part of a mammal.

Five constables and three civilians were required to convey to the police station a stout-built young man, aged twenty-five, who was sentenced to three months' hard labour at Lambeth yesterday.

Rarely paralleled in the history of any English industrial firm will be the gigantic holiday exodus from Newcastle of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co.'s 25,000 workmen and their relatives to-night, probably 100,000 in all.

Encamped in tents on the slopes of the Snowdon range, workmen are engaged in laying a network of electric cables, and, with the power generated on the mountain side, it is proposed to work some of the Festiniog slate quarries. The first experiments will be made at Rhiwbach and Oakeley.

Quite a sensation was caused yesterday by the sudden stoppage, owing to one of the engine tubes having become damaged, of a Great Western Railway express from Llanelli, within 200 yards of the scene of the Loughor disaster. Another locomotive had to be procured.

Writing to the *Daily Mirror*, a Blundeston (Lowestoft) correspondent says a "Lord Derby" apple tree which was grafted only this year in his garden is bearing fruit three inches in diameter. Does anyone, he asks, know of a similar case?

Their cable capsize among the breakers close in to the shore, Thomas Redford, Charles Bassberg, and Robert English, of Blyth, were yesterday drowned in Blyth Bay, whilst salmon fishing. English was aboard for pleasure.

Next Sunday the final Sunday trip of a special Belle steamer to Felixstowe and back in the day takes place. The new pier has now been supplied with an electric tramway, which saves a walk of half a mile.

Bathed in sunlight, six majestic British battleships, including the Powerful, of the Channel Squadron, arrived and anchored off Folkestone yesterday. The fleet will make a stay of three days.

Workmen engaged in digging operations at Bailey Hill, the public park of Mold (Flint), came across a complete skeleton, about 5ft. 8in. in height, believed to be nearly a thousand years old.

## HOW TO TAKE HOLIDAY

The Worse You Feel the Better the Cure.

### LONDON FOR HEALTH.

Our readers are widely divided in their opinions on the value of holidays:—

Because a change of air upsets you, it does not follow that it does not do you good.

I have heard that at some of the spas and waters cures abroad the worse you feel at the time the better you are afterwards. I do not vouch for the truth of this disagreeable theory, but I think the change home again often does you the most good. Only, you see, you must go away to get it.

No, do not let us give up our holidays. They are good for us bodily and mentally. We English people are quite three-cornered enough already, and it is good for our minds and manners to be rubbed against our neighbours occasionally. Even if there is no enjoyment, there is the pleasure of coming home again. CORNWALL.

#### CARELESS HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

When on holidays people are careless, and those who cater for them do not bother what they supply, since the customers are always changing.

Then, too, the sanitary conditions at many of the smaller holiday resorts are deplorable. They may be all right for those that are hardened to them, but they are often fatal to the visitor used to proper sanitation. And, besides, the local people know what to avoid. They know what wells are not fit to drink from, which houses stand over cesspools. But they do not tell the summer visitor.

Much better stop at home than go risking one's life in making holiday. ONCE BITTEN. Wimbledon.

#### ILL AWAY FROM TOWN.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, the well-known entertainer:—

I generally make up my mind to take a holiday at very short notice, but wherever I go, either abroad or in England, I always have to come back to London for the benefit of my health. 55, Russell-square, W.C. GEO. GROSSMITH.

### PEACE BOOM CONTINUES.

Stock Markets Advance on Hopes That the War Is Ended.

CAFEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The peace "boom" still continues without any appreciable slackening, and markets have been strong in nearly every department. Consols have risen to 90 13-16, but the rest of the gilt-edged market remains steady.

Home Rails are rather quieter, although, where there has been any change, it has been for the better.

Among Foreigners Japanese went ahead again, the new loan being quoted 2 3-16 premium. The older issues also were better. Russians were firm at 80½. The strong position of the metal had a hardening effect on copper shares, both Anacondas and Rio Tintos being firmer.

The Kafir market had quite a cheerful tone. All the leading descriptions have been well supported, and Goldfields were a special feature.

In the Miscellaneous market Pekin Syndicates and Shansis were both good features. Hudson's Bays also improved.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAMBRIAN COLLIERY (E. H. L.): You had better consult a local Enal and Brokers. They are not dealt in on the London Stock Exchange.

#### SOUND

### Industrial Investment

An Annual Income of over 20 per cent. can be obtained on well-known sound Industrial Securities.

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Carry This Week's "ANSWERS." And Share the Gold!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. PRICE ONE PENNY.



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PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1905.

## THE CHANNEL SWIM.

"WHAT'S the good of trying to swim the Channel?" It is the question a good many newspapers, French as well as English, have been asking in the past few weeks. There has indeed been rather a marked tendency this summer to regard the plucky attempts of Miss Kellermann, Mr. Burgess, and the other swimmers as pointless performances.

Why are they more pointless than any other pastimes? Take mountain-climbing, for instance. What is the good of that? There is no object to be gained by getting to the top of a peak which has been climbed hundreds of times before—no object, that is, beyond the splendid feeling of exhilaration you get and the exercise of your powers of endurance and determination.

"What's the good of grouse-shooting?" It has no utilitarian end. The sportsmen on the moors would be indignant if they were classed with cattle-slaughters and the wringers of chickens' necks. They do not shoot in order to provide food for themselves or other people. They shoot for fun, to display and increase their skill—exactly what the Channel swimmers were doing yesterday.

"What's the good of horse-racing?" It used to be said that it improved the breed of horses. Nowadays it is simply an amusement, like another. It doesn't in the least matter to the world at large which animal gets first past the winning-post—any more than it "mattered" whether Miss Kellermann could get across to the coast of France.

"What's the good" of cricket, even? It is no more laudable to make a century or take half a dozen wickets than it is to swim for a number of hours. Indeed, it might well be considered less laudable, seeing that fewer people can do it. Yet to question the good sense of a man's devoting his life to cricket would be to risk one's personal safety—at all events, in the neighbourhood of Lord's or the Oval.

All sports and games are merely means of passing the time and taking exercise. Swimming is a more useful pastime than most, for it interests people in an art which everybody ought to learn.

The grumblers who ask, "What's the good of all these Channel swims?" are of the type Mr. Chevalier burlesqued so comically in his song, "What's the good of anything? Why, nuffink." The best way to answer their splenetic growls is to inquire politely, "What's the good of them?" E. B.

## CLEVER WOMEN IN WEDLOCK.

Miss Maud Gonne, otherwise Mrs. McBride, otherwise the Irish Joan of Arc, has been setting forth her view of the marriage problem now under discussion in the *Daily Mirror*.

For "ordinary, common-place women" married life, thinks Miss Gonne, is all very well; but for "brilliant" women, for women with "legitimate ambitions," for women who "have something worth while to do in the world," it is a "deplorable step." In other words, it has been a deplorable step for Miss Maud Gonne.

The curious thing is that this sort of talk very seldom comes from women who really have distinguished themselves. If Mrs. Humphry Ward were to express such sentiments, or Lady Butler, the talented painter, or Mme. Curie, who helped to discover radium, or Lady Huggins, the astronomer, or Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., who has won fame as a doctor—then we might be inclined to pay attention.

So long as it is left to those whose "brilliance" we have to take on trust, we need only smile. N. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man can keep another's secret better than his own; a woman her own better than another's.—*La Bruyere*.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD DUNBOYNE, the Senior Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature, who has announced his intention of retiring soon after the Long Vacation, holds a position with duties mysterious to the general public—that of King's Remembrancer. In old days, the days when kings were surrounded by a majestic crowd of officials who had nothing whatever to do, and were paid vast sums for doing it, the Remembrancer had certain duties in the Exchequer. Now he does not have to worry over accounts, but attends merely to certain civic duties like the "pricking of sheriffs" and the swearing-in of the Lord Mayor of London.

In more monarchical times these loosely-defined posts must have been pleasant to fill. There was the Bagbearer, for instance, and the Surveyor of the Green Wax—both titles which sound as though they had been coined by Mr. Gilbert for an opera. There were Surveyors, Comptrollers, Ushers, Constables, Chamberlains, Treasurers, and Clerks by the hundred. What a paradise for lazy people was a court where you were paid for carrying a mace in state processions or for "surveying" a royal seal! Lord Dunboyne, the inheritor of one of these ancient offices, has a delightful house at Windsor, in the old-part of the town.

He was much liked at school, but had, with most other new boys, to undergo a mild amount of worrying. Boys object strangely to any personal peculiarity, any oddity of dress or speech, discoverable in newcomers. Everybody in their world must adhere to the same standard of what is "correct." At Dover Lord Guernsey was discovered by one of the masters in a state of indignation at some scornful criticism made of him by another boy, and there was a kind of inquest held to discover how much bullying went on in the school. It is something to be, however unwillingly, the cause of a judicial inquiry at the age of nine or thereabouts.

An extraordinary holiday experience is a journey to Lourdes, the famous place of pilgrimage where people go to be miraculously delivered from life-long ailments and deformities. The "season" there, if one may use a rather flippant term, is just over, and I have received a letter describing the grotesque and pathetic sights seen at the shrine. Zola's description of the place is, of course, the best known, but few people will think that Zola went the right way about to see things as they are.

Just now, in a French magazine—the "Revue"—documents are being published which show how Zola worked. First he would collect an enormous quantity of notes—names of people, facts, and

Conyngnam, and his mother, Lady Conyngham, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, Lady Granard, her son Lord Granard, and the Ladies Forbes, Lord and Lady Fingall, Lord and Lady Annesley, who was beautifully dressed on each occasion, Lord Waterford, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Castlemaine, and many others.

Statements have appeared in various papers to the effect that Mr. Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey are going to Canada for the benefit of the latter's health. The only foundation for this statement is the fact that Mr. Brassey is going over for a short visit. Lady Violet Brassey was never in better health, and has not been ordered abroad, but she will stay quietly at Apethepore whilst her husband is away.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

## THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

Your correspondent, "Ernest Pack," has made a curious interpretation of the admirable and intensely interesting article by "H. H. F." The following is the statement which appears to have created discord in the mind of Mr. Pack:—"Science has destroyed the faith in Christianity of countless souls, and what has it to offer them in its place? Nothing."

He then accuses "H. H. F." of "sacrificing truth at the altar of faith." This accusation is wholly without foundation.

Proceeding, he gives us a few instances of the "product of science," which, to my mind, have nothing whatever to do with the question: "The materials of which clothes are made; the utensils in which food is prepared; the phonograph... and a host of other things." What a strange mixture! Does Mr. Pack mean to tell us that these are some of the things science has offered us in the place of Christianity?

Many of our modern "philosophers" are continually concocting new theories. But, are they adequate to take the place of Christianity? Can they bring us the joy, and give us that "peace which passeth all understanding," of which only the true Christian is conscious? Emphatically, No! F. G. CANNIFORD.

True science does not undermine faith. The true scientist is "thinking the thoughts of God after Him."

Scientific discoveries unveil the laws of the Great Creator. There is law and order throughout the universe.

The manufacturer in producing paper, the printer with his machines, the editor using his brains, you who are using your eyes to read, each and all are working with the law.

The more we can find out of the laws of the universe the greater the benefit for humanity in general. "Disc."

King's Lynn.

## THE HOSPITAL DANGER.

The hospitals' indiscriminate reception of patients of all classes must end in disaster. They treat now (or pretend to treat) classes that a few years ago would have been ashamed to present themselves as representing the indigent poor, for whom alone hospitals were founded.

As an East End doctor, willing to treat patients for small fees, I see tradesmen of all classes attend the hospitals and sit amongst their poorer and richer neighbours to get free advice.

They see junior surgeons and physicians, get a bottle to last a week, and go away contented, but they pay the penalty.

Personal interest is necessary if a patient expects to be fairly attended to. C. FARMER, M.R.C.S.

Bromley-by-Bow, E.

## THE EDUCATED UNEMPLOYED.

Referring to your leading article on this subject it would not only be very interesting but very instructive if some of your readers would give their ideas as to what is the best thing for a man to do in such a case.

My experience has been that if a man really tries intelligently and continuously to get something to do he will find a post, though it may not be in the same kind of business as that in which he was before or at the same salary.

A man who has got enough to live on for some months will probably not put the same energy into finding a post as one who has only a very little. West Kensington. INQUIRER.

## IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 24.—To watch, in the country, the passing of the year is one of the sweetest of experiences. Yet to me it is far more interesting to observe how Nature rounds off her flowery days in the garden.

For in our gardens each plant and tree has been tended by us, is ours. In the country the flower-lover will find few blossoms (save beautiful heather) in the autumn, but round our homes we can, with little trouble, have lovely flowers until winter appears.

Thus, when wood and meadow are brown and bare, the year's last blossoms peep in at the window. E. F. T.

## WILL SHE GET PAST?



What still stands in Peace's way is the big indemnity which Japan demands from Russia.—From the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle."

and most of his time is spent there with his wife and children. He has four sons and four daughters.

Lord Guernsey's name has been brought prominently before the public in a way which must have been unpleasant for him. To be singled out by the boldest of imaginable thieves to serve as a screen for his operations is, however, an experience which often falls to those bearing distinguished names. The trick, you may remember, was played in a comic spirit and with considerable effect by Toole and a brother actor on a certain noble person living in Grosvenor-square. Returning from the theatre after a rehearsal, dressed each of them in stage rags, they rang at the door of the house, were refused admission by the magnificent butler, and retreated with the request that he would tell his master that "two cousins from the workhouse had called to see him."

Lord Guernsey, who is Lord Aylesford's son and heir, is only twenty-two. He is popular in the Irish Guards, and has a reputation for being cool and clear-headed, which was perhaps heightened by the manner in which he gave evidence a year or two ago, in a police court. His chauffeur had been caught in a "police trap" and Lord Guernsey was cross-examined by the constable, who was anxious to prove him guilty of furious driving. He replied with so convincing a manner of injured innocence and with such a legal manner that he came off triumphantly and received everybody's congratulations. Lord Guernsey was educated at Eton and at a private school at Dover.

dots, bits of technical information. Having absorbed most of this, and feeling in an alarming state of mental indigestion, he would pay a visit to the scene of his story, and then begin the rough draft of the plot. He worked amazingly hard, but always took a long holiday once a year. Unfortunately his faculty of scientific observation was small, and the story of his driving in a victoria through the country districts before writing "La Terre" caused a great deal of amusement amongst real agricultural experts in France.

The season at Strathpeffer, "the northernmost spa" of Great Britain, has been even more than usually successful this year. Many well-known people are staying in the town, and at the Ben Wyvis Hotel the following names are amongst others in the visitors' book:—The Hon. Ann Lister, the Hon. S. Lister; Lady Weston, London; Lady Milman, London; General Sir Thomas Gordon, K.C.B., and Lady Gordon; Lady Bevan, Shrewsbury; Rev. D. Cameron Lees, of St. Giles, Edinburgh.

Dublin is very full, and all the social events of any importance have been most successful. Lady Doreen Long's ball filled the Chief Secretary's Lodge for the first time this year, and everyone was full of praise for the way it was done. There was a brilliant display of diamonds, and the jewels worn by Lady Dudley, Lady Iveagh, Lady Doreen Long, and Lady Annesley were much admired. The two fashionable days at the Horse Show have been wonderfully well attended, and amongst the leading Irish people present have been Lord



# CAMERAGRAPHS

## TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



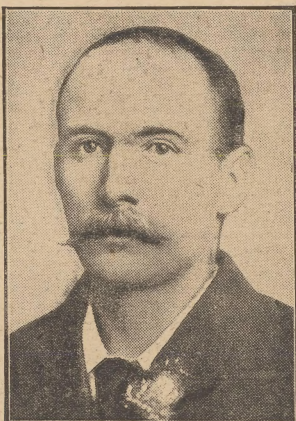
Miss Mary Emily Copeland, daughter of Mr. R. P. Copeland, of Kibblestone Hall, Stone, Staffordshire, who is to be married to-day to Sir Alexander Swettenham, K.C.M.G., Governor of Jamaica.—(Thomson.)

## JUVENILE MOTORIST.

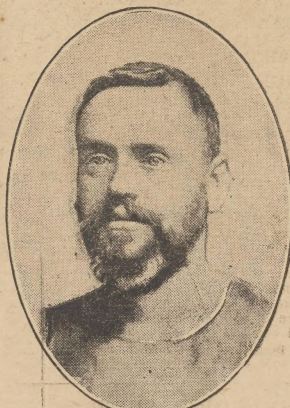


Lady Warwick's youngest son, the Hon. Maynard Greville, as a motorist. Lord and Lady Warwick are enthusiastic motorists, and they had this miniature car specially built for their little boy.

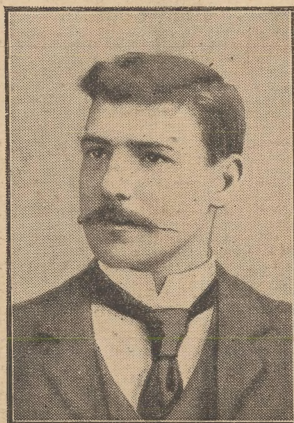
## THE CHANNEL SWIM.



Captain M. Webb, who successfully accomplished the swim across the Channel thirty years ago to-day. Captain Webb lost his life in an attempt to swim across the whirlpool below Niagara Falls.



Mr. T. W. Burgess has more than once very nearly succeeded in crossing the Channel. He started on another attempt yesterday morning.



Mr. Horace Mew, captain of the Shanklin Rowing Club, who started yesterday on his first attempt to swim across the Channel.



## THE POPE SITS FOR

### UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF POPE PIUS



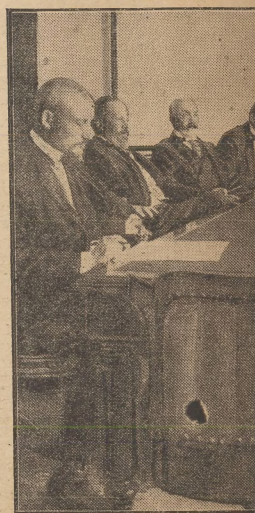
Pope Pius X. photographed in his study at the Vatican while giving a sitting for his portrait. He is not spare time to pose, and the painter has to do his best to get a portrait while his Holiness is at his appearance. His confinement to the Vatican has told severely on his health, as he had previously to have considered

## PUSHBALL ON THE THAMES.



The most popular feature at the Marlow Rowing Club's regatta was a game of aquatic pushball. The players were in Canadian canoes, which frequently capsized.

## PEACE DELEGATES IN

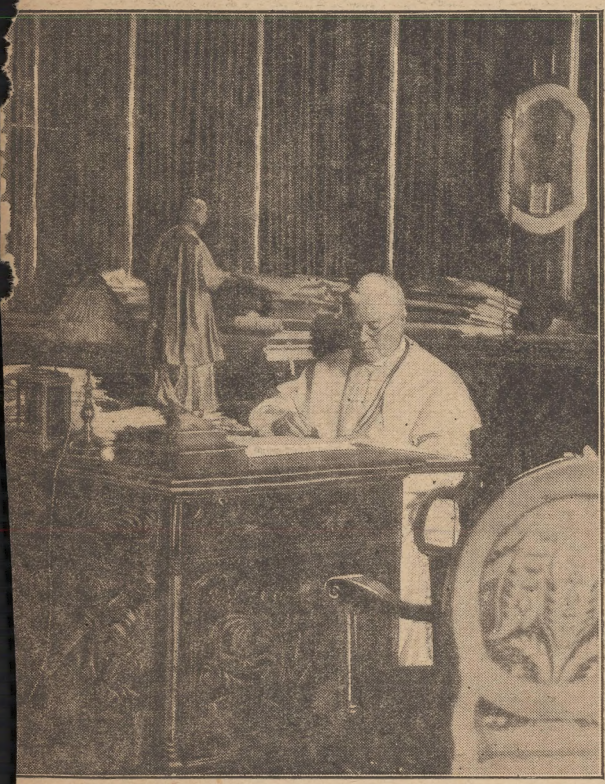


Photograph taken in the Council Chamber at the Peace Conference. The delegates are seated at a long table, and the same order is maintained.



# R HIS PORTRAIT.

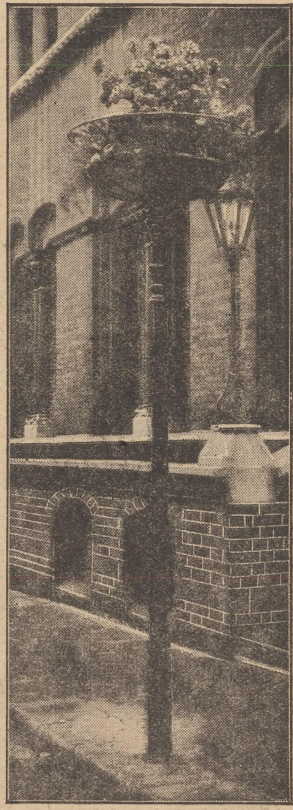
TAKEN IN HIS PRIVATE STUDY.



The Dutch painter, Van Velic. As may be seen from the photograph, the Pope cannot work. Since the Pope assumed his high office he has greatly changed in his habits, and is usually always delighted in an active outdoor life. This latest photograph shows him aged.

# NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

DECORATED DUBLIN.



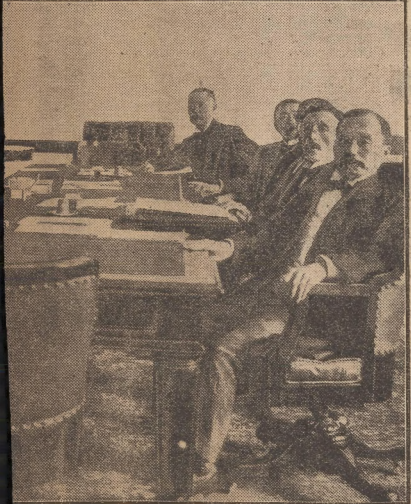
Visitors to Dublin for the Horse Show have been much struck by the flower-holders erected by the "New Society" in Kildare-street. They are made of steel and copper, and are supported upon the pedestals of the now disused gas lamps.

"OUR ENGLISH MOTHER."



Mrs. Teresa Richardson has just returned to London after fifteen months' experience as a nurse in Manchuria. She was the only Englishwoman with the Japanese army, and was known to the soldiers she nursed as "our English mother."

SESSION AT PORTSMOUTH, U.S.A.



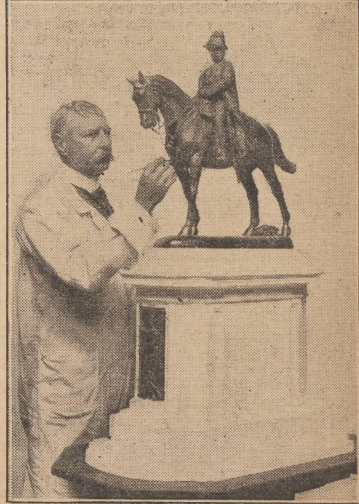
Amber during a meeting of the Russian and Japanese conference. On the Russian side (the left) the names in order are von Rosen, and Korostovstz. On the Japanese side in order are Takahira, Komura, Ochiai, and Adachi.

IRISH VICEROY AT THE HORSE SHOW.



Snapshot of the Viceregal party at the Dublin Horse Show. Lady Dudley is seated next to Lord Dudley, of whom a full-face portrait appears in the photograph. On the left is Lady Maud Warrender.

NEW STATUE FOR LONDON.



Captain Adrian Jones at work on the model of the statue of the Duke of Cambridge to be erected in Whitehall between the new War Office and the Horse Guards.



## WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

More Causes Discovered for Unhappiness in Married Life.

### A KIND OFFER.

We have received a letter from a lady living in France who was so much struck by one of the letters published under this head that she has most kindly offered to give the writer of it, who is in very poor circumstances, a holiday in a home under her charge near Boulogne. Miss de Broen is the president of well-known charitable institutions in Paris. She says:—

I am not French born, but I have devoted thirty-four years of my life to the French poor in Belleville, the most revolutionary quarter of Paris, where I settled down in their midst after the Franco-German war and the Commune; and was enabled to promote an entente cordiale between the revolutionists and their Governments, and to establish various philanthropic institutions, which have much raised the tone of the population in this district.

Although I intended only to stay a few months in France, my interest in the people has kept me here till now. No one can understand better than I, who have lived among the poor, how important its results will be for the prosperity of commerce and for the good of both nations.

I see by the *Daily Mirror* that you take great interest in the welfare of the working classes. Belleville. J. DE BROEN.

### SHORT ENGAGEMENTS TO BLAME.

Having had twenty-four years' experience of married life, I should like to add my testimony to this interesting subject.

I feel sorry for some of those who have told their story in your columns, but for others I feel nothing but contempt. There are, generally, no doubt faults on both sides, the husband expects too much from the wife, and the wife from the husband, but in my opinion short engagements are really responsible in many cases for failure in married life. People are hurried into a permanent contract by parents only too eager to get their children on their hands, whereas every man and woman ought to have time to get to understand one another before it is too late.

Moreover, I must admit that there are hundreds of men who think that women are only made to take care of children, order the meals, and occupy themselves with a thousand other deadening household cares.

I know a man who refuses to go with his wife and children to the country, but escapes by himself and leaves her to bear what ought to be common worries and common joys.

To such men as that I cry "Shame!" and admit that their egotism discredits our sex in the eyes of all sensible women. S. T.

### WHY THINGS GO WRONG.

I am of opinion that the average wife is exactly what a man makes her.

Many a wife, after being a few years married, is completely crushed by her husband. He will come home after a fairly easy day at the office, ready to grumble at anybody and everybody.

His wife, who has had a trying day with household matters and is quite as tired as her "lord and master," gets disheartened and gives up trying. Hence the unsatisfactory results.

If each would remember that they have an influence over the other, and try to help in the things of this life, how much more pleasant and bright their home might be. OBSERVANT.

### BEWARE OF LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

How many of the masculine portion study marriage in its practical form? They choose a wife much on the same lines as a "summer suit," the suit is smart, and in the clear sunshine just the very thing for them; but, after a heavy shower, the result is: very much shrunk, smartness gone, only useful for knocking about.

Now, it is much the same with their choice of a wife. A pretty face, smart figure, speaking eyes; they succumb at the first glance, without considering whether the owner of these charms can "cook a chop," or "mend a sock."

MUCH-ABUSED CITY GIRL.

### THE WIFE IN FAULT.

Perhaps my experience will be a warning to some of your readers.

My wife left me years ago when the first breath of adversity came to our home, and not only took my only child, a little girl, with her, but my goods as well, and afterwards illegally disposed of them and lived with profusion around her in her parents' house.

Are not these the kind of women who help to fill our prisons, asylums, and workhouses?

ANOTHER DESERTED HUSBAND.

## All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

### FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallance, a beautiful girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallance. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallance, whose whole being was wrapped around with the rosy mist of love's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not at Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, or to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been using money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal. He would make Lord Blanquart a rich man and give his son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds—if he would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart scorned the idea. Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallance. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour.

Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him. Then she sent that to her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallance, Superior of the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

When Dick received the letter he believed that Sabra had deserted him, and resolved to think of her no more.

Meanwhile Fay Swindover has heard the news that the German Grand Duke, to whom she is in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore consents to her father's scheme for her marriage with Dick Dangerville.

### CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"If he sold himself unworthily, at least he sold himself dearly."

Some three hours later, a huge white motorcar guided up the drive, between the neglected lawns, and stopped, with indescribable suddenness and ease, at the unimposing entrance door of Dangerville Hall.

Swindover alighted from it, looking like a monstrous gorilla in his heavy fur motor coat.

Dick had told Masters that the millionaire was expected, or the butler would undoubtedly have shut the door in his face. As it was, Masters, perfectly-trained features were set into the look of ineffable suspicious stolidity that they might have worn if the butcher's boy had dared to come to the front door.

"This way, if you please," he murmured, and preceded Swindover to the study.

The room was empty. The two tall windows were open to the still September night; the subdued lamplight half hid the shabbiness of the well-worn leather chairs and couches, and the large, low-celled room had the air of quiet and inviting comfort that is always lent by the presence of master books. Only a few personal belongings had been removed and packed. Father and son had agreed to leave everything in its place until the wife should teach them exactly where they stood.

Swindover looked around him with a contemptuous snort.

"What a hole," he said half-aloud. "Just about do for that swarthy new head gardener who's been grumbling about his quarters. And to-morrow they won't have as good as this. There's a pig-headed pair!"

The door opened, and Dick came in. Swindover had thrown off his coat and cap, and his promenade round the room had brought him just in front of the door when Dick opened it. The young man stopped for a moment, petrified by the vision of the huge figure, whose bulk and grossness the conventional evening dress seemed to accentuate. The hasty glance revealed a mass of jewellery and a leering smile that filled Dick with insane longing to kick him out of the house. He very nearly turned round and shut the door behind him, leaving Masters to deal with his visitor.

But he remembered that he had chosen his path, and that this was but the beginning. He advanced into the room, disregarding the millionaire's fat hand, effusively outstretched.

Swindover turned and followed him to the big round table in the middle of the room on which the lamp stood. He was still smiling effusively.

"Now, you see," the millionaire began in his most ponderously playful tone, without giving Dick an opportunity to open his mouth, "I've come at once in answer to your kind invitation, my dear young friend. You must own it's generous of me, seeing that you and your respecter pa haven't treated me like a neighbour exactly. Now have you? Bless me, if this ain't the first time I've ever

(Continued on page 11.)

## No energy.



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Page Woodcock's Pills

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## MONKEY IN HOSPITAL.



Dolly, one of a band of trained monkeys performing at the Coliseum, who is being treated as an out-patient of the Charing Cross Hospital for an abscess in the arm.

## CAVALRY EMBARKATION EXERCISES.



Slings a horse on board one of the pontoons used in the embarkation exercises now being carried out by the cavalry at Dover. Under present Army Orders each regiment of cavalry has to practise in turn, the latest methods of disembarking horses under varying active service conditions.

## CHANNEL-SWIMMERS FLEET OFF DOVER.



Fleet of tugs in readiness to accompany swimmers across Channel lying off Dover yesterday.

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

spoken to you in my life! But there, you're only a boy, and your pa feeling a bit sore about me, I suppose you thought you must follow suit. But I'm most anxious to do the friendly thing. I always was. There's nothing mean about Sam Swindover. Let by-gones be by-gones—I say. And so, when I got your letter just now, I said to myself at once—There, I'll go and see what I can do for that nice young feller—

"Mr. Swindover," interrupted Dick, with a calm and forced politeness, seeing that the other's paeon of self-praise was likely to go on until decisively put an end to, "I asked you to come here, because I have a matter of business to discuss with you."

"Business!" cried Swindover. "Now why talk about business? Let's have a nice friendly little chat first. That'll make business much easier. And how's his lordship? I've been quite anxious about him, hearing that he'd taken to his bed."

"My father is unfortunately still very unwell," said the young man stiffly. "Sit down, please, Mr. Swindover."

The millionaire subsided into an armchair, which, being somewhat rickety, creaked ominously under his enormous bulk. Dick remained standing on the opposite side of the table. His face was in the shadow, else the other man must have seen the loathing on it, the repulsion, and the terrific effort he was making to control himself.

"Well, have you got the money?" asked Swindover, with a sudden gleam of anger in his little

yellow-flecked eyes. "Have you managed to raise the money to keep this old barn? Is that the business you've got with me, young man?"

"No, Mr. Swindover," was the cold reply. "We have not been able to raise the money."

"Well, have you brought me here to tell me that? Look here, my young friend, don't you try to play any games with Sam Swindover. If you haven't got the money, I've said my last word. You'll have men in possession in a day or two. Good Lord, I thought you'd have something sensible to say, and it seemed friendly and neighbourly to return his lordship's call; but I'm hanged if I'll be dragged out of my comfortable slippers to be played about with by a young jackanapes like you! What do you want?"

"My father and I were going to-morrow," said Dick, with impassive courtesy; then, on the brink, he hesitated.

"Oh, it ain't a matter of a day or two," said the millionaire, becoming suddenly amiable again. "If his lordship's really seedy, stay on for a bit by all means. I ain't an Irish landlord to turn sick people into the streets."

Dick struggled with something in his throat. It nearly choked him; it seemed as if all the pride of his whole race stuck there. There were several family portraits high on the walls; they seemed to look at him with horror, to shudder in their tarnished frames.

"I wish to tell you," he said, in a strange voice that sounded totally unlike his own, "that I accept your condition."

There was a long silence. Swindover did not seem to understand. He sat, with his fat hands lying, palms outwards, on his knees, his heavy lips

slightly parted, breathing loudly, and staring at the young man with a fixed look in his eyes. With one hand he made a feeble sign to Dick to go on.

"I will marry your daughter," said Dick impatiently. "Does your offer still hold good?"

Swindover stirred. Great mottled patches appeared on his flabby cheeks; his mouth opened wider. There was a horrible suggestion about him, as of some huge beast preparing to devour its prey.

"But you said it was business," he muttered weakly.

"So it is; merely a matter of business. I have considered your proposition made to my father a fortnight ago. I accept it. I will sell you my name in exchange for what you offered, Balliol Castle and a certain sum of money. I hope I have made myself clear?"

Swindover still sat speechless. An extraordinary change came over him. The mottled patches on his face gave place to a uniform purple flush; his little eyes grew brighter and brighter, until the yellow flecks in them swamped all the rest of the iris, and shone like his own all-powerful gold. He rose to his feet, and, huge though he was, he seemed to grow and expand. His hands shook as if with palsy as he fumbled at his great bull-neck, as if his stiff collar choked him. All the time a series of gloating chuckles sounded in his throat.

HIDEOUS and repellent, and yet a figure of might and power. How find a simile to describe him, as he stood in his triumph, with his shining yellow eyes fixed on the slim, proud, and handsome form that represented what he most desired? He was

(Continued on page 13.)

## A Gift from the Pines.



How tired one gets of the ordinary everyday fancy soaps, the smell of which becomes so monotonous, and even nauseous, and the quality of the soap itself, too, is in many cases very indifferent. It is, perhaps, made of inferior materials. The fat it contains is not properly combined with the alkali used and either the pores are stopped up by a greasy coating of free fat, or the texture of the skin is ruined by coarse soda. How different is "Antexema Soap." It embodies the scent, the refreshing, invigorating, health-giving virtues of the pines. It is scientifically prepared, is perfectly pure, and only needs to be tried once to recommend itself so strongly that nothing else will be used in future. By way of a slight inducement to our readers to give it a trial we offer a free gift to everyone willing to accept it. Everyone sending a sixpenny postal order for a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap" will receive it enclosed in a handsome tortoiseshell box decorated with gold, which will be a great convenience when travelling, and an ornament to the dressing-room.

## HOW TO KEEP YOUR SKIN HEALTHY

Everyone knows that the surface of the skin is covered with hundreds of thousands of pores, and these are like little doors at the end of the glands, and the dirt and dust which settles on the skin has a great tendency to mix with the perspiration and fatty secretion of the skin, and so stop them up. The pores ought to be open, so that the perspiration and natural oil of the skin may find a proper outlet, but if the passage is stopped up not only will the skin suffer, but the general health will also be injured. It is not enough to take dirt off the skin, but you also need to take the dirt out of the pores, so that they can breathe and perform their other functions thoroughly.

## INJURIOUS SOAPS

We wish to impress on our readers the fact that many soaps are positively ruinous to the skin, which is far too delicate to be treated with disrespect. No one who values their personal appearance can afford to use bad soap. There is no economy in saving a few pence by using bad soap in the course of a year, and making yourself ugly owing to bad complexion and unhealthy skin. If your skin looks dry, harsh, cracks easily, is red, or rough, your appearance will suffer, however bountifully Nature may have endowed you, whilst other people who really are plain in feature will pass for good-looking owing to the beauty of their complexion and the pleasantness of their looks. That's why you should always use "Antexema Soap"—the soap that beautifies.

## MULTIPLY YOUR PLEASURE.

However refreshing a bath is when ordinary soap is used, its pleasure is multiplied if you use "Antexema Soap." It opens the pores of the skin, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of the perfect complexion. Purity, sweetness, refreshing and delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health are the sensations produced by the use of "Antexema Soap," which is as pure as the pines.

## ALWAYS USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

It makes the skin clear, white, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough oily skin; it is the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient and antiseptic, non-poisonous and safe. It is a wonderful soap for shampooing purposes. It cleanses the scalp, removes scurf and dandruff, promotes healthy hair growth, and thus counteracts tendency to baldness.

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In return for a postal order for sixpence, we will send every reader of this announcement a beautiful gift, a sixpenny tablet of "Antexema Soap," and present you with a beautiful tortoiseshell soap-case, decorated in gold. If you send us your free gift, write now to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle-road, London, N.W., mentioning the *Daily Mirror*.

"Please send your free gift."



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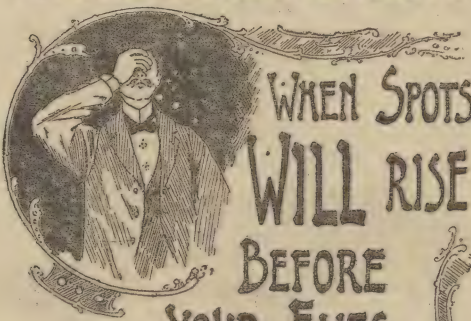
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## JET ORNAMENTS FOR THE THROAT AND HAIR AND A PRETTY LITTLE THEATRE BONNET.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT  
BEAUTY SECRETS.HOW TO ENCOURAGE YOUTH TO  
LINGER LONG.

Two women, one English and the other French, had been comparing notes upon the preservation of beauty to old age, and the Frenchwoman told her English friend that she knew a dozen valuable secrets that accounted for her good looks.

The first of the ten French beauty commandments is: Have a clear skin. No matter how dark it may be, let it be clear—as clear as wine, as clear as crystal, as clear as a drop of pure honey. Let there be no freckles, no spots, no blemishes. Let your skin be of a milky softness.

## French Canons of Beauty.

The second beauty commandment relates to the hands. Cultivate beautiful hands is a strict command in the French canons of beauty, and do not let them grow old. Then, in succession, come these laws:—

Keep your teeth white. Keep the wrinkles out of your forehead. Keep your step light. Keep your voice low and clear. Keep your chin oval. Keep your throat slender.

There are other commands, and the most important one is: Keep your eyes bright. Don't settle in them in a dim light. Don't let the dust settle in them and remain there overnight. Don't strain them, and never try to clear them by rubbing them.

The next French beauty secret relates to the smile. The Frenchwoman smiles a great deal. It is a queer little smile, and sometimes like her shrug looks artificial. But it is her stock-in-trade, for without her smile she would be far less attractive than she is. The only other nation in the world that understands the art of smiling to perfection is the Japanese. The Japanese knows all about the smile. She uses it on any and every occasion. She smiles when she meets you, she smiles at the table, she smiles when she embroiders, and hers is not an annoying smile but a pretty one. Smile often and show your pretty teeth is one of the French beauty precepts.

## To Keep the Lips Red.

The Frenchwoman, while she does not believe in red cheeks, is a firm believer in red lips, and to keep her lips red she will bite them. She will put spirit upon them, she will touch them at night with a good lip lotion, and she will keep her circulation in a healthy state in order that her lips may be bright.

The Frenchwoman pays the utmost attention to her hair. It must be glossy and well dressed. She likes the glossy black hair beloved by the poets, and seeks to make her locks look not only as black as a raven's wing, but just as bright.

She believes in dressing her hair well, and cheerfully pays every day to have her locks waved. She delights in the deep, full wave that is classical and looks lovely.

Another French beauty secret is that of hiding poor traits. If your ears are big cover them with little curls. These are only tiny wisps of hair, but they can be coaxed to lie in pretty artistic waves over the ears. And the same with the temples. If they are high and too bare they can be coaxed into beauty by curling the hair upon them so that

the locks lie in bewitching little curls. These are easy to manage. If your own hair will not curl in this way you can add hairpin curls just to cover the temples.

The French beauty has yet another secret that should be known to every woman, for it is so feminine and unstudied. It concerns perfume. Never does the Frenchwoman obtrude any perfume, yet she has the knack of living in an atmosphere of scent. It is told of a famous French beauty that she always kept a piece of myrrh in

the corner of her mouth. A very attractive Frenchwoman has a habit of laying her necklaces, ribbons, and strings of beads away in scented boxes. The result is that her throat is always delicately scented. Her clothing also hangs in a clothes' cupboard that is lovely with scent.

There is plenty of possibility in accentuating the beauty of the eyes without artificial means. Wear clothing or ornaments that match them. If your eyes are blue have a blue blouse or blue ornaments, or blue jewellery, or blue trimmings, or a blue hat,

for the blue will bring out the blue of your eyes. If your cheeks are red then wear red.

This is the final French beauty secret:—Refuse to get fat. Fat is fatal to grace and fatal to prettiness. Reduce your weight if you want to be good-looking, and do it by taking plenty of exercise in the open air.

## SAVE NINE

With a Stitch in Time.

To find and use a food that will feed and restore brain and nerves before slight nervous troubles and in complete nervous prostration or brain-fag is fortunate, for unless proper food is supplied daily it is unreasonable to expect the nervous system to answer the demands made upon it.

There is a food, Grape-Nuts, made for this particular purpose, and it never fails to restore weakened nerves or fagged brain to health and strength.

A well-known business man who made the trial says:—

"Two years ago my health had become so seriously impaired it was impossible for me to attend to business. At the least exertion my nerves would give way and the condition of my system allowed me little or no rest or sleep at night. Stomach troubles soon followed and I could take no solid food. I tried the best tonics and medicines, but they all failed.

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All the same, clothes will come out brighter, sweeter, cleaner, in about half the usual time.

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The lovely throatlet shown on the right is made of jet and has a large black butterfly outspread in the centre and festoons of jet beneath. The jet wings that are worn in the blonde hair with a quill of shimmering green tissue look very handsome.

## ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 11.)

like an uncouth and monstrous Alexander gazing on the conquered world.

A moment later one of the trembling hands shot out and seized the young man's, pressing it, almost clamping it, in a delirium of fulfilled desire.

"Now, that's what I call talking!" he cried. "There's sense! There's real common sense! You've got a head on your shoulders, my boy! Why didn't I talk to you before, instead of to your father?"

Dick wrenched his hand away. His eyes blazed, but he could not prevent a great resounding slap from descending on his shoulder.

"It is entirely a matter of business," he repeated.

"Business be hanged!" roared Swindover. "This is a family matter! You're going to marry my girl; you're going to be my son-in-law! And Fay will be Lady Blaquart de Balliol some day. And I'll do what I said, and more. You won't find Sam Swindover close-fisted, my friend Dick. Not he! There'll be nobody to touch you in the country—in Europe—in the world! Two millions sterling, and that's only to begin with. That ain't the end. Not by a long chalk. I ain't finished yet. I've got a lot of little things up my sleeve. Sam Swindover's day ain't over yet. There's no knowing where you'll end. Every day it comes rolling in—a bit more, or a bit less, but always a lot—adding to the pile. And you can do what you like with it—you and Fay—as long as you let the world know what you're doing!"

"And your daughter?" asked Dick, hardly troubling to conceal his horror of this elephantine dream of greatness bought with gold. "Will she consent?"

"Of course, she will. She has consented already. And she ain't no ordinary sort, neither, I can tell you. She's a stunner is my daughter Fay!"

Dick, who had never seen her, shuddered. He pictured her big and fat, blowsy and vulgar, with bold eyes, dyed hair, and painted cheeks, impossible, gorgeous clothes, an avalanche of jewels, and an eternal simpering smile. There was no particular reason why he should imagine her to be like that; but he did. He expected to pay the price in full.

Meanwhile Swindover regarded him for an instant with an overwhelming curiosity. His lips parted, but he closed them again. He could e discreet when he chose. After all, what was the good of asking? He knew. He had seen what Sabra Vallance had meant to do; he had looked, with one of his magical glances, deep into her soul, when he faced her in her uncle's study in the

slums of Stoke Magnus. She had done it. In the end most people did what Sam Swindover chose that they should do.

"Then, if you offer holds good and the matter is settled," said Dick, "I won't detain you any longer."

"Here, hold hard!" cried the millionaire. "There's a lot of things to talk about yet and settle. Little family matters that we want to discuss in a friendly spirit. As to your leaving here, that's done with. Why don't you both come up to the Castle at once, his lordship and you, my dear Dick, my son-in-law etc! You'd be a bit better off than in this old barn. Come up to-morrow."

"Thank you, that is impossible," said Dick with cold politeness. "My father is not well enough to be moved. As you say, there are many things to be discussed. I will come to the Castle to-morrow morning."

"Of course you will, to see the girl!" cried Swindover expansively. "Your future bride, my boy. And there ain't a fine lady to touch her in the land. As to the mortgage and the bills, consider them in the fire. Tell his lordship so. That'll set his mind at rest. Well, to-morrow morning, at eleven, my dear old Dick."

He held out his hand. Dick looked at it and drew back. The ominous red spots appeared in the millionaire's cheeks.

"I thought you swells were sportsmen," he said hoarsely. "You're going to do it, you're going to take my dirty money—do it like a man!"

For one moment Dick felt unspeakably low. He put his fingers into the great fat hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with indescribable bitterness. "Only, Mr. Swindover, please understand, I sell you my name. Anything beyond that—is not for sale."

(To be continued.)

6

pages—The London  
"Evening News," which  
is the evening edition  
of the "Daily Mail."

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## BIRTHS.

**BUCHANAN**.—On the 21st inst., at Glenore, Omagh, to Major and Mrs. Ernest Buchanan, a daughter.  
**BURKE**.—On August 21, at 10, Kensington-court-mansions, the wife of George Stanley Burke, of a daughter.  
**JOHNSON**.—On August 21, at 86, Gloucester-terrace, W., to James Henry Johnson and his wife Phyllis, a daughter.  
**LEONARD**.—On August 21, at Drayton Court, West Ealing, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Leonard, a daughter.  
**LEVY**.—On August 22, at 57, Maida-valle, W., the wife of Gerald Levy (nee Ethel Bialberg), of a son.  
**LINDSAY**.—On August 22, at 35, Evelyn-mansions, S.W., the wife of Captain Lindsay, and P.W.O. Gorkhach, of a son.  
**WARD**.—On August 22, at 10, Tenthall-avenue, Plymouth, the wife of Captain Elliott L. Ward, Indian Medical Service, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**CATHERALL-ELEY**.—On August 22, at the Church of the Ascension, Lavender-hill, S.W., by the Rev. C. S. Wallace, vicar, William Shephard, only son of the late William Catherall, Rev. J. F. of Rhul, Issa, Mold, to Catherine Adele, only daughter of Charles Eley, Esq., late of the Admiralty.  
**REDWICK-VILLIS**.—On August 22, at St. Martin's, Byars, by the Rev. E. R. Mansel, son of Richard Selwidge, Howard Wilmore, second son of Richard Selwidge, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, to Ethel, second daughter of the late Thomas Lyle Villis, of Christchurch and Brockley.  
**STIRLING-RIDLEY**.—On the 22nd inst., at Ashtown, by the Rev. Dr. French Bannan, vicar of the parish, Major or Charles Stirling, Royal Artillery, to the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Ridley.  
**WALL-COATES**.—On August 23, at Eylon Parish Church, Herefordshire, by the Rev. W. P. Godwin, Canon College Mission, Rotherhithe, assisted by the Rev. Richard Evans, the vicar of the parish, and the Rev. J. Davies, curate, the Rev. J. Clifford Wall, rector of Kelmahar, Northamptonshire, only son of Richard Wall, J. P. Merne House, Baschurch, to Frances Mary, eldest daughter of William Coates of Osborne Park, Belfast.

## DEATHS.

**HAWKINS**.—On the 21st inst., at 13, Ashfield-road, King's Heath, Birmingham, in the 89th year, Henry Hawkins, late of Seck, Norfolk.  
**HESSE**.—On the 22nd inst., at No. 10, Montagu-place, Bryanston-square, London, at sunset, Anne Elizabeth Hesse, niece of the late Mr. John Holdship, and beloved sister of Flora Hesse, aged 85.  
**HEWITT**.—On August 20, at Cheltenham, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Hewitt, R.M.A., Ret., of Stanborough, aged 77 years.  
**HOPKINSON**.—On the 22nd inst., suddenly, at Gothic Lodge, Hamlet-road, Upper Norwood, Mary Leis, youngest daughter of the late Clifford Hopkinson.  
**KING**.—On August 22, at Putney, Dorking, Sophia, the wife of Thomas William King, M.D.  
**LLOYD**.—On the 22nd inst., at "The Oaks," Barnham, Junction Sussex, Hannah Helen Lloyd, nee Durban, aged 85.  
**NEESFIELD**.—On August 23, at Castle Hill, Bakewell, Robert William Mills Neesfield, aged 90.  
**POOLE**.—On the 21st inst., at 61, Woodstock-road, Bedford-park, Rosa Poole, wife of the late Captain S. H. Poole, S.R.N., in her 62nd year.  
**WATSON**.—On August 23, at 13, Harrington-road, West Ealing, and formerly of Buenos Aires, Arthur Welliesley Watson, aged 60.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**COLISEUM**.—CHARMING CROSS. PROGRAMME AT 3 P.M. AND 9 P.M.  
 Miss MADGE LUSSELL in girl and boy scenes, "MY IRISH MOLLY OF" and "THE EVOLUTION OF RAG-TIME." EUGENE STRATTON, special reproduction of "I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I LOVE YOU" or "THE HORSE THIEF'S PLEA." MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION OF STREET SCENES FROM "GONDOLINI," FAUST, with LEMPIERE PRINGLE as "MEPHISTOPHELES." Miss MADGE LUSSELL in "THE WISHING GILL." Mr. EDWARD LEWIS and Miss QUEENIE LIGHTON in "QWAKI KWESONA." Mr. J. Hickory Woods in "LEAH KUSCHINA." LILLIPUTIAN SONGS.  
**CHARMING NEW VARIETIES**.  
**COLISEUM**.—PROGRAMME 6 P.M.  
 "THE DIAMOND EXPRESS." Mr. Cecil Raleigh's sensational Bio-drama, Mrs. CHARLOTTE SCOTT as MAGGIE LEE, MATTIE WILKES, the celebrated Creole Singer, Mr. A. C. LILLIPUTIAN, "DRIMED OUT." FRED HARCOURT in new and pleasing illusions. "THE GAMBLING MAN," sung by CARL LUSSELL. ILLUSTRATED SONG. GRAND RACING SPECTACLE. "THE DEBBY." SELECT VARIETIES.  
 PRICES: Boxes 2s. 2s. 11s. 6d., and 2s. 1s. 6d. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 3d., 1s. 1d., 6d., 4d., 3d., 2d., 1d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under 12, half-price to all stalls. Telegrams: Coliseum, London.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**.—TODAY.  
 COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.  
 Representative Displays from All Parts of the World.  
 Displays by Native Artists at 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.  
**CAPE CHANTANT** at 4.0 and 8.0.  
**LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL**.—COLLEGE CAM-  
 BRIDGE BOATERS at 11.30. Last Day.  
**NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY EXHIBITION**.  
 Meeting of the Executive (Delegates only) at 11.0 a.m.  
**GOUGEON FIREWORKS**.—Laid off by Messrs. C. T. BROCK and Co., to-MORROW, at 8.30.  
 Table d'Hôte Luncheon and Dinner in the Dining Rooms overlooking the Grounds and Firework Displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.  
**ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS**.—"HENGELER'S" R. OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. (Last Week) Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. Daily at 8 P.M. Price from 6d. Children half-price. Telephone 4138 Gerrard.  
 "Jumbo Jumbo." Society's latest pet. "At home" daily, 11.0 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.

**MASKELYNE AND DEVAUNT'S MYSTERIES**.  
 St. George's Hall, Lambeth-park (the Magic Theatre and Cooks' Alley). At 3.0. Enormous success of the MASCOT MOTH.  
**NAVAL SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION**.—EARLY COURSE. 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Admission 1s.  
 Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping and Fisheries.  
**NELSON'S BRITISH FISHING VILLAGE**. Working Exhibit. Model of "Victory." BAND OF THE ROYAL NAVAL CHORDS (BLUES). EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.  
 Go on board the full-size Cruiser. (Specially Ventilated, Coolest Show in the Country). 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30. Hotchkiss and Maxims. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handymen. Fleet of Frigates. "Our Navy." Frigate Machine. Great Red Indian Village. Voyage in a Submarine. Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. De Rohan Theatre. Tulliamer Cruise and many other attractions.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS. QUEEN'S HALL**. TONIGHT AND NIGHTLY, at 8 p.m.  
**QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA**.  
 Conductor—MR. J. WOOD.  
 1s. to 5s. usual prices, Chappell's Box-office, Queen's Hall, and Queen's Hall Orchestra (L.L.), 320, Regent-street.  
 ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

## PERSONAL.

"PROFESSOR LOEB discovered Liniment."  
**LOUIE**.—Come home, darling, come home; our hearts are breaking.—FRED.  
**MISSING**.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3 Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

\* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word. Address—Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st. London.

## RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

**SUNNY JERSEY**.  
 LUXURIOUS STEAMERS, TWICE DAILY.  
 THREE GOLD LINKS.  
 ANNUAL CARNIVAL AND BATTLE OF FLOWERS.  
 AUGUST 21 to 25th.  
 Enclose penny stamp, Commercial Association, Jersey, for free guide.  
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**A WEEK on the RHINE**, for £5.  
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**A WEEK in SWITZERLAND**, 5 guineas.  
 Programme of over 40 tours on application.  
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### OPEN ON SUNDAYS from 6 p.m.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

A—Art.: easy work at home; tinting prints and Xmas Cards; addressed envelope for particulars.—Art Studio, 6, Great James-st., W.C.  
**AGENTS** Wanted, either sex, for the sale of Private Xmas Cards; smart collection; low prices; splendid commission.—Apply Cooper Printing Co., Ltd., Burnley.  
**AGENTS** wanted for picture postcards.—Perrin Bros., 36, Shrewsbury-rd., Harlesden, N.W.  
**AMBITIOUS MAN** anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring; prospectus (2s.) by return.—Berrill, Liverpool, and 252, Deansgate, Manchester.  
**YOU** can be your own master and earn an excellent living in any part of England; no outlay.—Address for particulars, 1864, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

## LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

**EPSON DOWNS**.—Freehold land, 20ft. by 110ft.; 615; brought by 18 half-yearly instalments.—Particulars, W. Houghton, Newdigate.  
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**WITHOUT** capital.—At one time a man required a large capital before buying his house; nowadays he can buy it with its rent.—The Manager, Box 374, 72, Bishopsgate-st. Without London, will be pleased to furnish particulars post free on application.  
 £30 cash; freehold Bungalow; 3 acres; most productive Purley, producing 9 per cent; charming district; balance 36s. 3d. monthly; no law costs.—Homesteads (O. Ltd.), 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

## HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC., TO LET.

**CLAYTON (Upper)**.—To let, very convenient House, containing 5 bed, 2 reception rooms, bathroom (b. and c.) and usual offices; delightful garden; 1 min. from station; rent 42s.—Apply 62, Ickburgh-rd., Upper Clapton.

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**ADVANCES** of £10 to £500 on note of hand alone; privately and without surtitles; easy repayments (weekly, fortnightly, or monthly), to suit borrower's own convenience.—Call or write to Frank Evans, 4, Bamford-gardens, Goldhawk-rd., Shepherd's Bush, W. (two minutes from Tube Station).  
**ANNUITIES RESTRAINED FROM BORROWING**, or persons entitled to cash or property at death of relative or others, can have advance repayments without security is received.—Apply LOTHROP AND CO., Bankers Agents, 119, Victoria-street, Westminster.  
**SPECIAL FUND TO INVEST** with ladies and gentlemen of fixed income ceasing on death or marriage.  
 Immediate advances in case of pressure. No fees.  
**FIVE PER CENT PER ANNUM**.  
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**LADY** requires advance of £50 for business purposes; good interest or share profile.—Write 1866, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.  
**MONEY**.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the established Professional Union Bank, 20, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.  
**MONEY** Lent on Simple Note of Hand, from £3 to £1,000 privately at one day's notice; repayable by easy instalments; no preliminary fees; forms free.—Apply Mr. Johnson, 119, Finsbury-pavement, E.C.

## BUSINESSSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

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**PLASMON DELICIOUS CUSTARD POWDER**  
 NUTRITIOUS  
 Requires only half the usual quantity of milk to make a perfect custard without eggs.  
 In 3 flavours.  
 All Grocers and Stores, 6d.

## AUCTIONS.

**MOTOR-CARS, CYCLES, WITHOUT RESERVE.**  
**MESSRS. CAREY BROS.** will sell by AUCTION, MONDAY NEXT, August 28th, at 3 prompt, 40 cycles, tandems, tricycles, 4 motor-cycles, victas, stocks and dies; small gas engine; 1 54-h.p., 1 64-h.p., 1 8-h.p., and 1 24-h.p. motor-cars, and accessories, chiefly without reserve, at their Repository, Elephant and Castle Station, S.E.  
**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**  
**COTTAGE** Organ; splendid tone; 64 10s; bargain.—115, Bishop-rd., Cambridge Heath, N.E.  
**COTTAGE** Piano; good condition; 45 10s.; easy terms.—Payne, 103, Approach-rd., Cambridge Heath, N.E.  
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12 Guineas.—Cottage Piano, by "Collard and Collard," in handsome carved mahogany case, best ivory keys, celeste action, etc.; the fact of this instrument being a genuine "Collard and Collard" is in itself a guarantee of its excellence; 40 years' warranty given; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.—D'Almeida and Co. (Ltd.), 120 years, 91, Finsbury-pavement, City, Open till 7, Saturdays 3.

## MOTORS AND CYCLES.

**CYCLISTS**. Cyclists.—50,000 Covers all sizes, roadster, for Dunlop, Clincher, etc.; guaranteed; 2s. 9d., carriage paid; agents wanted.—Royal Rubber Co., Fawcett-rd., Southsea.  
**LADY'S** Swift Cycle (1904 model), secondhand, all accessories; low price for immediate sale.—Write or call, 119, Elephant-rd., S.W.  
**PRACTICALLY** new Rexette Tri-Car; used down times; with all accessories; cost £110; accept £50 for quick sale; urgently wanted room for fast motor; can be seen; tried by appointment.—Apply Harry Butt, Ascot, Berks.

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**PLUMS**.—Est. 12th, 2s. 9d., 24th, 4s. 6d.; Victoria, 12th, 4s. 6d., 24th, 8s.; Tomatoes, 6th, 1s. 9d., 12th, 2s. 9d.; carriage paid for cash; Scotland, Ireland, 6d. extra; list plums, apples, &c. Thorne and Co., Evesham.  
**TOMATOES**.—Splendid ripe English Tomatoes, 7th, 2s. 6d., carriage free.—O. B. Shilling, The Nurseries, Wincobury, Hants.

## DENTISTRY.

**TEETH**.—A complete set £1; single teeth, 2s. 6d.; each complete in four hours if required; American Crown and Bridge work, extractions, 1s.; painless; with gas. 3s. 6d.—The People's Dental Dispensary, 58, Strand, London, W.C.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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**ARRAS** Root cures Catarrh; test box free.—Bell, 11, Clarence-croft, N.W.  
**CORNS** banished; painless; easily applied; only 7d.—Needham's, 297, Edgware-rd., London.  
**DRINKERNESS**. Is Curable, speedily, permanently, at trifling cost, as grateful thousands testify; can be given secretly unknown to sufferers; save those dear to you; you can with certainty; particulars and sample, 1d. stamp.—Carlton Chemical Co., 435, Guildhall-bldg., Birmingham.  
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**FREE** Offer of Nurse Powell's Popular Pledges for Ladies.—In order to make this valuable remedy widely known, we will forward free sample box for penny stamp.—Write to Miss Nurse T. Powell, Kennedy Co., 2, Regent-park-rd., Wandsworth.  
**INDIGESTION**.—Sufferers, should take the celebrated remedy Zinzol, which is a powerful remedy for indigestion, and stamp for free sample. Is. 14d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle from Zinzol Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 31), Hull.  
**MOSQUITO** Bites instantly relieved by Roc Oil; 1s. 14d. bottle on receipt of six penny stamp, sent post free as advertisement.—Roc Remedies, Ltd., 16, Paternoster-row, E.C.  
**PSYCHOLOGICAL** Development Society.—Classes now forming for development of psychic power, magnetic healing, etc.; and for free specimen copy of the Clairvoyant Magazine.—All communications to the Secretary, 9, Clarence-gardens, London.  
**SCOTTISH** and Aberdeen Terriers, pure bred, 3 guineas; pups, 2 guineas.—Major Richardson, Carmoistie, Scotland.  
**SUPERFLUOUS** Hair.—Free to all afflicted; to remove root and stem used for the treatment compiled from MSS. of the various hair to the Courts of George IV, WM. IV, and Queen Adelaide.—Robt. Low, 64, Great Queen-st., London.  
**WEAK** Men suffering from Nervous Debility, or any complaint connected with the nervous system, should send for full particulars, it will cost you nothing.—Address W. H. Brown, 14, Chesham-rd., Brighton, Sussex. Vars this paper.

Other Small Advertisements on page 15.

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